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THE LANDLUBBERS

BY GERTRUDE KING

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CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

t you'll face it with me now, ng. Won't it make a difference?" s, but—I wish," he said quaintly, somebody had loved me long ago might have made a difference." t didn't anybody?"

e did."

d it didn't make any difference?" looked at me queerly. "She t like you. Oh, my poor, poor Polly!"

we sat in the faint radiance of dying day, its warm gold seemed pity the soul of things; the mis- the wonder, the shame, the depth s were close about us, pressing hard—and were passing. What follow? It was not a time for udes, so I went back a little.

isten, Dick," I said presently, "I want you to think, ever again ing that—you know what. You're too much for that, too much, to e yourself even for me—hush, speak yet. You must go your way, darling, but, remember, r happens, you're not to do it. me."

" said Dick Darragh, quietly, "if go my own way, I'll not begin mising. Especially such a fool as that. Oh, Polly, I know it absurd when you know what I ut I wish you knew how I love

know it."

sky was darkening, but the sea ill pale, faintly dappled as with ainbows; it was so beautiful that d me with a new, unreasonable

k, Dickie! Isn't it lovely? Oh, we must go on and live hap- forever after — we must — we

did not answer. He sat, his chin hand, with knitted brows, gaz- out to sea, with the strange look upon his face. Suddenly it was ed by a new intentness, and he ed his hand from mine, and g to his feet.

k! Look!" he cried, "what's

re stole along abreast of us, not rds away, as if it had been trail- us astern, a long dark streak—a —with a passenger.

shouted with all our strength, d lest it drift past—but it could o faster than our ship; it must been there a long time, and we t have seen it before had we not so absorbed.

was sometime before our hail was ered, and then the response came, and broken, in a woman's voice. looked at each other in wonder. at are we to do?" I asked, hope- For a woman so spent as to be audible over 50 yards of quiet evidently could not help herself ch us. And we had no boat.

t was looking alertly about him. t worry—she can't get away in a —I'm going to try for her in a ." He was off to snatch two of rope from the wall of the deck

don't know how long these things said he; "however, you'll have ck out for that. Keep paying out, hen I'm in the boat make fast— the hauling in myself. Oh, Lord! won't do! Get another—quick!"

're not going to try to swim to

y not? There's nothing else to Oh, do get that other line—" He busy knotting one end round his adroitly fastening it across his ers so that it could not slip. He showed me how to pay out the ld lines, taking a turn round the and how to make fast the free "Don't pay out too much, for it ny stuff in the water—and don't stick. If it's running short, shout , and give me time to stop swim- for a yank under in all that of weed would play the devil with st now. Au revoir, dearie!"

ore I knew what he was about. d clambered on the rail, and far out into the sea. For an I forgot myself, and caught rail breathless with fear for but he had dived so wide that plunge had taken him but little the surface. He raised himself of the water to wave his arm at just as I remembered my duty began to pay out the rope.

swam more easily than I had through the huddle of weed, a clean side-stroke that I could help admire. The woman in the had evidently lost her nerve, poor ure, and she had begun an awful of hoarse, weak, sobbing s that tore me to pieces. It a long time that I stood ing Dick as he swam through swiftly darkening water, but it not have been more than a few ites.

was so dark that I could no long- him when he reached the boat clambered in, but two or three jerks at the line, as the wo- shrieks turned to a tumult of ical sobs and frantic words, told that he was safe. I heard his quiet voice—it finally stilled her —and after a little the line tautened and began to vibrate slowly, rhythmically, and I knew that Dick was "hauling in" on his way back to me.

I kept my hand on the line, it was a sort of contact with him, the while I was beset with a new terror—the fear lest the rope might break. It seemed a very slight thing by which to drag a boat and two people through that thick tangle of weed. And if it broke, now that darkness had fallen, it would mean a parting forever, and for him the added horror of death by starvation, the often-told horror of a lingering death at sea. Long as it had seemed while he swam away from me, the return was a longer agony.

But the boat came alongside at last, and my heart gave a great painful leap as I heard it bump softly against the side of the ship. Dick hailed me in a hushed voice. The other voice was now silent. "Polly, can you hear me?"

"Yes, dear, oh, yes!"

"Then throw me down a doubled line and make it fast—I'm afraid to trust this one."

I obeyed him, and he clambered up. We kissed each other breathlessly, and he quickly hauled in the line from the boat, and twisted it around a stanchion. "She's fainted," said he. "I fastened her with the doubled line, the one I came up by. We'll have to get her up that way, and then I'll go down again."

"Oh, why, Dick, why?"

"There's a man asleep in the boat—a man I used to know. I think the poor old chap's gone mad—I'll have to help him. Watch out, now—I'm going to bring her up; try, if you can, to keep her head clear of the rail."

I knelt on the deck, reaching through the lashings of the rail, to help her as soon as I might, while Dick strained at the rope. I could only faint!-- see him in the starlight, but I could hear the panting of his breath, and an occasional exclamation of impatience as the rope cut into the skin of his palms. But I knew I should only make it harder if I spoke, so I groped down in silence for the fainting woman. It was the oddest sensation as my hand touched loosened hair, a soft, cold cheek. I guided her limp, heavy body very gently away from the ship, and then, as soon as her shoulders cleared the rail, caught and eased her down upon the deck. She was rather a tall woman, and at the last came down with more of a thump than we intended, for I was not prepared for her weight, and Dick was dead tired.

But he helped me loosen the rope from her shoulders, and then, with another look at its fastenings, went down to the boat again.

"Now, old man, buck up!" I heard him say cheerfully, but in a voice flat with fatigue; "grab this, and we'll have you up in no time."

"I will say good-bye to you at Christmas!" was the strange answer; the intonation was a measured singsong, but the voice had a familiar ring which would have puzzled me had I not been so tired and anxious.

However, the getting the speaker aboard was a task more tedious than complicated. He was, as I afterward found out, a biggish old gentleman, though sorely wasted, and with neither the strength nor the wit to help himself. Dick clambered up again, and we spent a frightful five minutes of pulling and straining, with much anxiety lest the rope should break; but it was over at last, and as our guest reached the rail, half clambering and half dragged over it, Dick drew a long, sobbing sigh of weariness and relief.

The old man staggered away, and sat down inertly on our heaped rugs, his head in his hands. "I will say good-bye to you at Christmas," he muttered. The woman lay as we had left her. I went below for brandy, fresh water, and a lantern, and returned to find Dick feebly trying to move her into an easier position. His teeth were chattering in the chill night wind which fluttered the wet clothing upon his tired limbs, and in the light from the lantern his face showed livid with cold. I begged him to go below and change, but he would not.

As I bent over the unconscious woman I could not restrain a cry, for the lantern's flame flickered upon the face of Mrs. Gately. Awfully changed she was, her blond hair dragged and matted, her face drawn and lined, her lips parched and bleeding, her fair skin lined and blistered by the sun—I could see so much even by the flickering light, and my heart grew gentle toward her, my own lot so far seeming very good.

I bathed her face, and poured a little brandy between her parted lips, and she soon opened her yes, but the lids drooped weakly shut again. Having kept her wits so long, through unimaginable things, the shock of her rescue had been too great, and it was a long time before even a moan came from her dry lips. It was so long that Dick left his old man and came to help me.

"What's the matter? Is she very bad?"

"I'm afraid so."

He took her limp wrist and held it, then laid it gently down.

"Not much pulse, but steadily enough. Good Lord, it's ———." He did not speak the name, but our eyes met.

"Yes, I knew her at once."

Tired and cold and wretched as he was, Dick grinned. But that the enemy delivered into our hands was so helpless, I think that he would have winked.

"I will say good-bye to you at Christmas!" It was the old man's voice, now high and quavering and toneless. He was standing over us, tall and flabby, and as I turned the lantern upward it lit his white face, shrunken and haggard, with loss of his wonted fat, covered with a straggling, two-week-old beard, his eyes wide and expressionless.

"He's the worst of the two," murmured Dick, "as dotty as they can get. I'll tell you all about him—look, she's coming round?"

Again her eyes opened, and this time they lightened slowly, and her lips moved.

"You're all right — safe — don't worry," said Dick. "Drink a little of this, and then you shall have something to eat."

Her eyes wandered from one to the other of us. Dick raised her head, but I purposely shielded the lantern so that our faces were left in darkness.

"I will say good-bye to you at Christmas!" repeated the old man.

"Is he there still?" her dry lips tried to say.

"There—we'll take care of you!" I reassured her. Her weak hands moved, and I took them in my own.

"Thank you," she managed to whisper. "What has happened?"

"I'll tell you presently. Can you sit up now?"

She was soon able to be helped down to the cabin, which was but dimly lighted, as I had to be economical with the candles, but dry and warm. The old man followed like a dog, and flinging himself on a couch lay still, broad awake, his wide eyes fixed on us without a trace of curiosity or interest.

As I brought food for them, Mrs. Gately seized my wrist and drew me close, searching my face. As the light of recognition dawned in her eyes, her color rose. "This is—The Ship!" said she in a low voice, and let me go. I had never admired her so much.

At the sight of food the old man leaped from the couch and fell upon it. Dick, however, broke off a hunch of bread for him and filled a glass with tinned milk. He set out a like share for Mrs. Gately, and took away the rest, stumbling as he walked, out of sheer fatigue.

Mrs. Gately, however, did not eat her share. After a few mouthfuls she leaned back against the cushions, and a tear or two rose and fell. "I'm not hungry," said she, helplessly. "I'm just—not tired, exactly—but to be back on this ship——" Her voice broke, but I understood the relief, as well as the horror, it was to her.

"You would better go to bed," I suggested, and she rose at once.

"But where am I to go? My own stateroom?"

"Oh, dear, no—that's partly under water. This way, I'll show you." I led her away. Looking back into the saloon, I saw the old man steal, with the sprightliness of a monkey, the fragments she had left on her plate. "Will it be safe to leave him there?" I asked.

"I dare say; he has been just like that for two days now, and not at all troublesome."

I flung open the door of a stateroom, but she shuddered as she saw the disorder of the unmade bed, and I did not wonder, for I had myself shirked the tidying of those abandoned rooms out of sheer fear of an indefinite something—I would almost rather have torn away the garments of the dead.

"I'm sorry," said I. "The only rooms that were not occupied were those on the lower decks, and they are if not actually floating, so damp that you would find it impossible to stay there." I generously forebore to tell her that the lower ship was also overrun by rats, driven from their haunts in the hold, and that their vanguard, starving and ferocious, was beginning to forage in the saloon itself. "You can have my room if you would prefer it."

"Oh, no," she protested, "I dare say I can manage very well here—this will do as well as any."

We exchanged a formal good-night, and I left her.

Tired as I was, I went back to make sure that our queer little domestic affairs were settled as they should be for the night. I looked in the saloon, and saw our elderly guest sound asleep upon a divan. His face was less vacant as he slept, and there was something in his look which was hardly familiar, but not strange to me. But I was too sleepy to ponder over it. On my way to my stateroom, I stumbled over something big lying along the wall. It was Dick, who, utterly worn out, had tumbled down and lay huddled anyhow in his wet clothes, sunk in the heavy stupor of the deepest physical fatigue. I made one or two attempts to rouse him, but in vain, and so I contented myself by covering him with blankets and left him.

Toward morning I was wakened out of a deep sleep by the sound of his steps, as he passed on the way to his stateroom. Much relieved, for I had not liked the idea of his lying there in the open while even so apparently harmless a madman lay near, I slept again, and woke late.

V.

I had become so used to the monotony of my life on the lonely ship, that the rescue had excited me more thoroughly than I knew, and I was wakened abruptly on the next morning by a sense that something very important had happened, though I was still so heavy with sleep that I could not remember what it was. But I got out of my berth at once to meet it, and as it came back to me I tried hard not to be sorry.

Yet I was sorry. Desperate as our case was, I had found in it—as I hoped Dick had found—an unbelievable happiness in our solitude. We loved, and underneath our love flowed a mighty current of hope, coloring the love itself. The appearance of this woman and the poor old lunatic were an evil omen; they could not help us, and the ugliness—the ugliness of her soul and of his poor distorted mind—stained and marred the peace of our abandonment, partly, it is true, because it showed the flimsiness of its web. But surely we were wretched enough to be left to what little peace we could make for ourselves.

So I reasoned, as confident and as mistaken as reasoners usually are.

To my delight I found Dick in the galley, trying to make the coffee. "Oh, how perfectly dear of you!" I exclaimed.

He flushed. "Why, you see—I wanted—you had a hard day yesterday, dearie—and—and we want to make the most of things, don't we?"

He had come upon just the one thing I wanted him to feel, and I adored him. But he was right—the bloom was off our romance already; we now had to remember others, to be careful what we said—so we spoke no more of ourselves, and felt more hopeful and less happy than we had felt for days.

"I suppose," said I, when we had finished breakfast, which for the sake of cosiness we ate and drank standing in the galley, "we must see after that poor old lunatic. As for Mrs. Gately, she must look after herself—the ship is as much hers as it is ours."

"We've had more of our passage-money out of it!" laughed Dick. "Listen—don't you hear someone?"

Someone was walking—or, rather, trotting—overhead, with a strange, quick, padding tread.

"It's Fenneck—I'll take his breakfast to him," said Dick. He filled a plate with bread and cold meat, and poured a cup of coffee.

"The Mr. Fenneck?" I asked.

"Yes—isn't it horrible, poor old chap? It will be very good of you, dear, if you'll come with me and bring the coffee pot, and that tin of milk—he's sure to want a lot, and he seemed harmless enough last night."

As we reached the head of the stair to the deck we saw Fenneck running, with that strange, padding trot, round the corner of the deck cabins. After his hearty supper and a sleep, the energy stored in him by his fortnight's confinement in a small boat seemed to have broken loose, and he was rioting in it like an animal. "Shall we go after him?" I queried, puzzled at the strangeness of him.

"I think he'll come round to us again," replied Dick; and presently Fenneck reappeared from the other end of the deck.

"Hi, here—Fenneck!" called Dick. He stopped, arrested by the sound rather than by the name that was once his, and looked about him, flinging his head from side to side; then his blank face wrinkled into a smile.

"I will say good-bye to you at Christmas!" he chanted; he snatched two handfuls of food from the plate in Dick's hand, and, flinging himself full length, supported by his elbows, ate from the bare deck. It was an inexpressibly awful thing to see his bald, sunburned head, with its straggling gray locks, bobbing up and down as he grunted down his food.

We sat down on the doorsill to wait for him to finish. There was a horribly funny suggestion about our attitude; it reminded me of waiting for some harmless domestic animal to empty his trough.

"He was my father's friend; he knew me when I was a lad," said Dick. Fenneck raised his head and looked about him eagerly; I shrank back. "He's only thirsty, poor old boy," explained Dick, holding out the coffee cup. Fenneck seized it in both hands, drained it, and letting it fall and crash, empty, on the crumbs of his repast, snatched more food. The sight made me sick, pitiful as it was, and I turned my head away.

"You go below, dear—I shouldn't have let you see this," commanded Dick.

"No," I answered; "we'll have to see it through—" Before I had finished, I was struck into silence by the appearance of Mrs. Gately at the foot of the stair. She was evidently somewhat discomposed by the meeting, but she hesitated only for a moment, and then came quickly up the stair. I touched Dick's arm, and he rose to let her pass. She responded to our greetings with a dry "good morning," and going to the rail, kicking aside a chicken wing of Fenneck's as she passed, stood with her back to us, gazing out over the waste of dark water and weed. She had arranged her hair quite smartly, and was neatly dressed in garments that did not quite fit her; yet, as she stood there alone gainst the background of the sea and the bright morning sky, she looked, the lonely, helpless waster of a land-creature, the very emblem of forlorn loneliness.

"Have you had any breakfast, Mrs. Gately?" I asked.

"Yes, I helped myself," she answered brusquely. She evidently realized that, as Dick had said, it was as much her ship as it was ours, but I must have shown a quite unreasonable annoyance, for Dick laughed aloud at me, and I shook a warning finger at him, lest Mrs. Gately should overhear and be hurt. But if she did hear, she gave no sign.

Fenneck, comfortably gorged, scrambled to his feet and trotted way to crouch in a warm sheltered spot, where he presently fell into a doze. I took the plate and coffee pot below, and went to tidy my stateroom. I had just finished when Dick knocked.

"Can I come in for a minute, Polly? I want just a word. Do you know—that boat's gone!" He came in and sat down on the divan. "Will you mind closing the door? Isn't it a shame? I suppose I fastened it carelessly last night; I was in such a hurry to get that precious pair on deck."

"We couldn't have used the boat, dear. We have no oars."

"I know—but I daresay I could have chopped out something or other—but I could never have built a boat. And it meant—it might have meant—an escape from this tub!" He brooded a moment, then looked up quickly. "But that wasn't what I came to say. Didn't you tell me that Mrs. Gately had a note of yours?"

"Yes—at least I gave her one."

"That's it—well, I believe—at least, I shouldn't be surprised if she hasn't got it now!"

"Why do you think so?"

"I meant to ask you to forgive me for sneaking off as I did last night—honestly, I didn't mean to. But, Polly, love, I was so dead tired that I didn't know what I was doing——"

"I know, dear."

"And so I just slumped down before I knew it, and was dead asleep. But I didn't sleep there all night. I told you I had waked up and gone to my cabin?"

"Yes—I heard you."

"Well, she woke me!—I felt someone stumble over me—I'd had most of my sleep out, and it woke me—and it was she, with a candle. She stood looking down at me, and I blinked at her, I daresay, and then I had sense enough to roll over and make believe to go to sleep again. I even did a neat little snore! She evidently took it for the real thing, for she went away, down the passage. She was gone at least half an hour. I'm sure she went below to the main deck, for when she passed me on her way back her skirts were soaking wet—she dragged them along over my hand as she went, so I know. Depend upon it, she'd been to her old stateroom to get something she'd left in the panic of leaving the ship—and she didn't find it."

"That's why she is so sulky!"

Dick pondered. "No—that isn't all the reason. Whether she's got the note or not, she can't be quite comfortable with you after fleecing you as she did."

"What does it matter, now!" I said gloomily.

Dick's face turned white. "Don't say that!" he jerked out. "If you take that turn, I'll go to pieces; coming on that pair as we've done has brought home the reality of things in the very way I dreaded. For God's sake, Polly, dear, keep me going—keep me going! Say you know we're going to get out of it."

"Why, of course, we are, Dickie! And so I'm going to be awfully nice to her!"

"No! too nice! I hate to see you with her—a woman like that, and my Polly!"

"Then I'll be nasty to her!"

He laughed. "Oh, but remember she's capable of poisoning us outright!"

Mrs. Gately, however, took matters into her own hand from the start. She avoided us in the most determined manner; ignoring all my overtures for her comfort, she prowled about the ship by herself, appropriating what she needed from the empty staterooms, snatching her meals when we were on deck, and sitting apart, in moody silence, when we chanced to be under the sky together.

This lasted for 48 hours. Meanwhile her appearance noticeably improved—her hair grew more lustrous; her parched skin regained its color and smoothness. She was smartly dressed, and sparkled with trinkets. And old Fenneck, fed like a penned animal, trotted about or dozed, his only sign of humanity the chanted greeting:

"I will say good-bye to you at Christmas!"

"Doesn't it get on your nerves?" asked Mrs. Gately at last. I was sewing on deck, and she seated herself near me. It was the first speech she had made of her own accord.

"I'm awfully sorry for him."

"Oh, well—so am I. But imagine being shut up, or rather—yes, shut up, in a boat with the creature——"

"What caused it?"

She gave me a strange, sidelong glance, as her face grew ashen under the pink spots. "Oh, hunger, I suppose——"

"But he was not, apparently, much worn!"

She gave a dry, crackling laugh, her eyes sinking in her head. "There were six of them—the devils!"

She was not so strong as I had supposed, poor thing! It was only a little wall she had tried to build to shut off the horrors of the days in that open shell. I was, I confess, driven by a horrid curiosity. "What became of them? Were they taken off?"

She caught at my last words. "Taken off? And we left? No—they—they—Oh, my God!" She was melting now, and moving, seated along the hatchway, she crouched near me, her hands locked. "They couldn't even stand together—it was one at a time—one at a time—and all such nonsense—letters in bottles—our last blanket for a signal—serving out the water—and then—about the littlest, littlest things—and it always ended the same way—a slit throat and the sea! And then there were the three of us at last. I never knew the other man's name, but he'd heard things of me somewhere, and he told Fenneck. I heard them snarling at the other end of the boat. I made believe I was asleep—I was afraid. And then they were at each other, and the other man went over, giving Fenneck a crack with an oar as he went. It was our last oar. Fenneck crawled down in the bottom of the boat and went to sleep, I thought, but when I tried to wake him, he said—what he says now. That was in the morning—not very early—of the day before you found us." Her voice died away, and, on the opening of her heart, her face regained its color. "It did get on my nerves," she repeated; "it got awfully on my nerves when he wouldn't say anything else." I could not speak, and she went on drily: "And that's James Fenneck—the James Fenneck!" She cast a glance of malevolent scorn at him, where he lolled, playing with a few bits of wreckage, near our feet. "And the name of It's on a dozen boards of directors!"

There was the ring of a broken ambition in her voice; she had evidently built much on the dulled, bemused creature who gurgled and grinned and slobbered on the deck.

Dick came up from below, and seeing us, frowned. The frown was, I think, less for me than for poor old Fenneck, to whom he flung a sharp word of command. The old creature scrambled up, and followed him like a dog. Dick lured him out of sight; we could hear him, speaking kindly, as to a troublesome, well-meaning dog, on the forward part of the deck.

Mrs. Gately stiffened at the sight of him, becoming her former sulky self, with a bitter difference. "It's evident," she sneered, "that you've not wasted your time, Miss Harding!"

"What do you mean?" Crude as the words were, they were all I could trust myself to frame.

"What luck some women have!" mused Mrs. Gately.

"What do you mean?" I said again.

"Surely you know! All his mother's money tied up, besides his share of old Darragh's — and his little brother's looked out for him nicely—and of course, the life interest in the business! But I beg pardon for speaking of it—you must know it as well as I——"

(To Be Continued.)

New York's New Mayor

WILLIAM J. GAYNOR.

William J. Gaynor, who now becomes mayor of Greater New York, was elected on the strength of his personal record as a jurist and his stand for personal liberty and a liberal Sunday. Although the Tammany candidate, he maintained throughout the campaign that no boss shall dictate to him, and one of his favorite remarks was that if there was to be any swallowing between him and the Tiger he would ultimately be found on the outside. By the result of the election he finds himself absolutely independent of Tammany, for that organization is completely defeated, and for two years will have no control over any portion of city affairs.

Justice Gaynor, who is now 58 years old, married, and the father of eight children, first attained prominence in connection with a taxpayers suit which he caused to be brought against Hugh McLaughlin, one-time Democratic boss of Brooklyn, in the course of which he saved the city $1,000,000. In a similar suit against the Brooklyn Elevated Railways he collected another million for the city in back taxes. In 1893 he was elected to the state supreme court, and while a member of the court he broke the power of John Y. McKane, the boss of Coney Island, and sent him to Sing Sing for election frauds.

He supported Bryan in his first campaign and Hearst for governor in 1906. His pressing of the charges against Police Commissioner Bingham growing out of the Duffy case, involving the right of the police to hold the picture of an unconvicted person in the rogues' gallery, led directly to the removal of General Bingham, and brought Gaynor into renewed public attention just before the fall campaign opened.

Mr. Gaynor was prominently mentioned as a Democratic vice presidential possibility last year and in 1894 he declined the Democratic nomination for governor of New York. He has been a near-candidate for mayor of New York for years, but, as he expressed himself to his friends, he wanted to be sure of election—to be elected mayor and then governor, with a view of becoming some day President of the United States.

HALF A ROGUE

BY HAROLD MACGRATH

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CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

Mrs. Franklyn-Haldene shivered. How horribly vulgar! She felt polluted for a moment, and half wished she had let the missive lie where it had fallen. But this sense of disgust wore off directly. She had been right, then; there was something wrong; it was her duty, her duty to society, to see that this thing went no further. And that flirtation between Patty and the dramatist must be brought to a sudden halt. He was merely hoodwinking Patty; it was a trick to be near Mrs. Jack. She had ignored her, had she? She had always scorned to listen to the truth about people, had she? And well she might! Mrs. Franklyn-Haldene's lips tightened. Those friends of hers who had doubted would presently doubt no more. She hadn't the slightest idea how McQuade would use his information; she didn't even care, so long as he used it. She grew indignant. The idea of that woman's posing as she did! The idea of her dreaming to hold permanently the footing she had gained in society! It was nothing short of monstrous. The ever-small voice of conscience spoke, but she refused to listen. She did not ask herself if what McQuade had in his possession was absolute truth. Humanity believes most of what it most desires to believe. And aside from all this, it was a triumph, a vindication of her foresight.

"To the Western Union," she called to the groom. When the carriage drew up before the telegraph office, she gave the letter to the groom. "I found this on the sidewalk. Have them return it to the owner by messenger." This was done. "Now, home," she ordered.

That afternoon she attended a large reception. Her bland smile was as bland as ever, but her eyes shone with suppressed excitement. The Benningtons were there, but there was only a frigid nod when she encountered Mrs. Jack and Patty. She wondered that she nodded at all. She took her friend, Mrs. Fairchilds, into a corner. She simply had to tell some one of her discovery, or at least a hint of it.

"Do you recollect what I told you?"

"About—?" Mrs. Fairchilds glanced quickly at Mrs. Jack.

"Yes. Every word was true, and there will be a great upheaval shortly. But not a word to a soul. I never gossip, but in this instance I feel it my duty to warn you. How and where I learned the truth is immaterial. I have learned it, and that is sufficient. It is frightful; it makes my blood boil when I think of it. And she goes everywhere, as if she had a perfect right."

"What have you found?" Mrs. Fairchilds could scarcely breathe, so great was her curiosity.

"You will learn soon enough without my telling you." And that was all Mrs. Franklyn-Haldene would say.

But it was enough, enough for her purpose. Within an hour's time all the old doubt had been stirred into life again, and the meddlers gathered about for the feast. It is all so simple and easy.

Mrs. Jack moved here and there, serenely beautiful, serenely happy, serenely unconscious of the blow that was soon to strike at the very heart of her life. Once in a while her brows would draw together abstractedly. She was thinking of John, and of the heartaches he was having over the action of the men at the shops.

Patty was not gay. She seemed to be impatient to leave. Three or four times she asked Mrs. Jack if she were ready to go; she was tired, the people bored her, she wanted to go home. Finally Mrs. Jack surrendered.

That night at dinner John was very quiet and absent-minded. The shops, the shops, he was thinking of them continuously. In his heart of hearts he had no faith in the reporter's influence. The strike mania had seized the men, and nothing now could hold them back. He knew they would doubt his threat to tear down the buildings. Not till he sent the builder's wrecking crew would they understand. Not a hair's breadth, not the fraction of an inch; if they struck it would be the end. He gazed at his wife, the melting lights of love in his handsome eyes. Hey-dey! She would always be with him, and together they would go about the great world and forget the injustice and ingratitude of men. But it was going to be hard. Strong men must have something to lay their hands to. He knew that he could not remain idle very long; he must be doing something. But out of the shops he felt that he would be like a ship without steering apparatus—lost, aimless, purposeless.

"John?"

He woke from his dream, and forced a smile to his lips.

"You haven't eaten anything."

"I'm not hungry, dear."

"You haven't spoken half a dozen words since you came home."

"Haven't I? I must have been thinking."

"About the shops?" laying her hand on his and pressing it strongly.

"Yes. I'm afraid, heart o' mine, that it's all over. If they do not strike now, they will later on; if not on this pretext, on some other."

"Why not let him go, John?"

"No." His jaws hardened. "It isn't a question of his going or staying; it is simply a question of who is master, the employed or the employer. The men say it's the principle of the thing; it shall be fought out on those grounds. I'm going down to the club tonight with Dick. I feel the need of getting out and breathing. Dick's not the best company just now, but he'll understand what I need. Poor devil! he's got his hands full, too."

She understood his mood and offered no objection. She raised his hand and brushed it with her lips.

"I love you, John."

He smiled gratefully.

"You go over to mother's for the evening, and I'll drop in on the way home and pick you up."

Patty was in the music room, so Mrs. Jack did not disturb her, but started at her basket-work. Mrs. Bennington read till 8, and retired. Patty played all the melancholy music she could think of. When love first makes its entrance into the human heart, there is neither joy nor gladness nor gaiety. On the contrary, there is a vast shadow of melancholy, a painful sadness, doubt and cross-purpose, boldness at one moment and timidity at the next, a longing for solitude. Music and painting and poetry, these arts that only attracted, now engage.

So Patty played.

Sometimes Mrs. Jack looked up from her work, wondering. She had never heard Patty play so many haunting, dismal compositions. At 9 the telephone rang, and she dropped her work instantly, thinking the call might be from John. Ah, if the men would only listen to reason!

"Hello!"

"Is Mrs. Bennington at home?" asked a voice, unfamiliar to her ears.

"There are two. Which one do you wish?"

"Mrs. John Bennington."

"This is Mrs. John Bennington speaking. What is it?"

There was a pause.

"I have something very important to communicate to you. In the first place, you must use your influence in making Mr. Warrington withdraw his name as a candidate for nomination."

"Who is this speaking?" she asked sharply.

"Mr. McQuade."

The receiver nearly fell from her hand. McQuade? What in the world—"Did you get the name?"

"Yes. But I fail to understand what you are talking about. I warn you that I shall ring off immediately."

"One moment, please. If you hang up the receiver, you will regret it. I wish you no ill, Mrs. Bennington. If it were possible I should like to talk with you personally, for this matter deeply concerns your future happiness. I cannot call; I have been ordered out of your husband's house. It lies in your power to influence Warrington to drop his political ambition. Information has come to my hand that would not look very well in the newspapers. It is in my power to stop

BETRAYAL BY BOY LED TO CAPTURE OF GEN. MORGAN

Kansas City, Nov. 8.—A whole lot of questions that survived the civil war will be discussed and never settled so long as any of the participants are alive. One of these is around the death of General John H. Morgan, the Confederate leader, who led a raid into Ohio and Indiana and penetrated farther into northern territory than any other southern commander. General Morgan was captured near the Ohio river, carried to the Ohio penitentiary, escaped, reorganized his command, and was killed at Greenville, Tenn.

N. H. Gaines, a dentist at No. 1116 Main street, was an adjutant in General Morgan's command and saw his commander killed at Greenville. He had investigated the causes of the surprise, capture and shooting of Morgan. An answer to a letter written to Greenville recently is, he believes, the true story.

At the Williams Home.

"I had always believed that a young woman, the daughter-in-law of Mrs. Catherine D. Williams, whose husband was with the Union army, gave the Federals information which led to the surprise, capture and death of General Morgan," Mr. Gaines said. "When we approached the Williams home on the day before Morgan was killed we saw this young woman ride away from the house. General Morgan was suspicious and asked Mrs. Williams who the young woman was and where she was going. The reply was that the young woman was goin to a neighbor's house for watermelons. The answer was frankly given and we believed it at the time. But after the general's death every one believed that the woman who was seen to ride away from the house went to where General A. G. Gillem, the Federal commander, was camped and told him where Morgan could be found. Morgan stayed all night in the Williams house and was captured early the next morning. He was shot after he had surrendered and given up his arms.

"I wrote to Greenville some time ago, asking the postmaster to refer my letter to some one who knew of the circumstances of General Morgan's death. I received an answer from A. B. Wilson, of that place, who looked into the matter. His answer acquits the young woman of treachery 45 years after the death of Morgan."

Mr. Wilson's account of the death of the southern raider follows:

"It is impossible to down or refute all reports in relation to this event. Because a woman left the home of Mrs. Williams shortly after the arrival of Morgan, General Duke jumped to the conclusion that she had acted traitor and reported Morgan's whereabouts to General Gillem. This is false. The young Mrs. Williams, daughter-in-law of Mrs. Catherine D. Williams, while her husband was, I suppose, a Union man and within the Federal lines, was a southern sympathizer just the same. She was, before her marriage, a Runbaugh, one of the best families of Virginia, and had two brothers in the southern army. One was a captain and the other a major.

She Had Gone for Watermelons.

"The truth is that she went to a farm owned by her mother-in-law, four miles from Greenville, where she was seen by a number of persons. She intended to retuurn with watermelons for the distinguished guest. On account of a heavy rain she did not return until the next day, but spent the night with Mrs. Bartly, a tenant on the farm, and came into Greenville that morning just after the Federals had entered the town. She was escorted into town by Federal pickets, thus arousing the suspicion that she had betrayed Morgan.

"I have also seen a dispatch from Washington giving the credit of Morgan's death to Mrs. Sarah E. Thompson, who died August 26, this year. This is equally false. Mrs. Thompson had been married about four times. Her first husband, Thompson, whose name she choose to go by, was a Federal scout, or, perhaps, a bushwhacker, during the civil war. I have heard of her setting up the claim of having caused the death of Morgan with the idea of getting a pension by act of congress. I am certain that she had nothing whatever to do with the matter. It would have been impossible for a woman to have made the trip of 18 miles to General Gillem's camp.

"The person who did give the information to General Gillem, which caused Morgan's death and the capture of his command, was a boy named John Leady and others, who gave the directions as to how to move in order to effect the surprise of General Morgan. In fact, General Gillem sent a dispatch to his superior officers intended to put an end to the rumors of a woman's having betrayed the Confederate general. In this he stated that no woman had given him the information that led to the capture and killing of General Morgan."

The young woman who was suspected of the treachery seems never to have denied the charge. Mr. Gaines does not know what became of her.

BOOKS THAT INFLUENCED CAREER OF A GREAT MAN

Paul, Minn., Nov. 6.—There has been public at the state capitol a letter by the late Gov. John A. John- to a young man living in northern esota in response to an inquiry as hat books had influenced the gov- 's career. The letter is thoroughly acteristic of the man who began life drug clerk and ended it as governor Minnesota.

follows in full:

ear Sir: I have your letter and as just leaving for another tour will to answer it, although the answer of necessity be brief. As to books influenced my life—when a boy I to do some reading, that is, of books as generally come to boys age? I was.

benefactor friend started me on a of reading, introducing as the first Prescott's Conquest of Mexico. The self influenced me only to the or encouraging me along the better literature. This was fol- by Ivanhoe, and then all of Scott's both poetry and prose. This was ed by Dickens, Thackeray and oth- ters in the realm of fiction. came Shakespeare. I read all of ays, rereading many. I presume the dramatist exerted a better influ- than any other one writer because delineation of so many sided char- . Out of him came the inspiration e more. His historical dramas di- to the history of England, and and Macaulay naturally followed. went to France to study her ro- history; from there to Germany, back to Rome, Greece and the Egyptian and Aryan regions. It would be impossible to say whether any one single book has been prominent in its influence.

"The tendency of the above and kindred books interested me in the literature and history of my own country, and the growth of the appetite for this food for thought doubtless created a general desire to know more of the institutions of government here and abroad. All of my work in this direction must have from time to time fired me with ambition and exalted my spirit of patriotic duty. In other words, my increased knowledge of the world and the men who made its history and affairs fitted me in some measure for the duties of life.

"I do not know that any one book or set of books could be chosen which would make for more opportunity or greater success. It is the collection of books which make for more general knowledge, and for this one must simply cultivate the reading habit and confine reading to the best books written.

"The book shelves groan beneath the volumes which have survived the decades and centuries, and it would be well to spend as little time as possible on the current literature, but confine yourself to that which has stood the test of years, when the wheat was winnowed from the chaff. I would not discourage light reading or denounce all literature because it was new, because you must know about the things of which men are thinking and doing today.

"Yes, cultivate the reading habit, and cultivate the art of communicating what you know to others. With the genius of hard work, directness of purpose, success will come. Very truly,

"JOHN A. JOHNSON."

BARING OF FAIRBANKS' CHIN STIRS ALARM IN HOOSIERDOM

Washington, Nov. 6.—Former Vice President Fairbanks has shaved off his beard. This means as much as if some vandal had shaved the Washington monument off the White lot. The Fairbanks beard has been as much a part of the Washington facial topography as the monument is a part of the capital.

The news has not been received by wireless or any other form of telegraphy; it came more conclusively—viz., in the form of a photograph of the ex-vice president taken in China. The photograph was received in a bale of correspondence from the Orient. It caused almost as much commotion in that vicinity today as the rumor about T. Roosevelt in Africa.

The photograph pictures a group of important officials standing on a veranda in Peking. In the middle is Fairbanks; there is no mistake about him; he is twice as tall as the surrounding Chinese. He is so slender, like the lily, and he wears his familiar frock coat. It is Fairbanks. But the brush is gone. He has preserved merely the flowing mustache. A more than retreating chin is exposed to the merciless gaze of the beholder. The chin not only retreats; it runs straight back into the Adam's apple, where the merger with the rest of his anatomy is unobtrusively effected.

The politicians here are of one mind about it. They are sure that Fairbanks has made up his mind to run for the senate against Beveridge, who is a smooth shaved man. The politicians think that the people may be willing nowadays to stand for a man with a mustache, but that a man with a beard has a tremendous handicap.

ARE YOUR KIDNEYS WEAK?

Thousands of Men and Women Have Kidney Trouble and Never Suspect It.

Nature warns you when the track of health is not clear. Kidney and bladder trouble compel you to pass water often through the day and get up many times during the night.

Unhealthy kidneys cause lumbago, rheumatism, catarrh of the bladder, pain or dull ache in the back, joints or muscles, at times have headache or indigestion, as time passes you may have a sallow complexion, puffy or dark circles under the eyes, sometimes feel as though you had heart trouble, may have plenty of ambition but no strength, get weak and lose flesh.

If such conditions are permitted to continue, serious results are sure to follow; Bright's disease, the very worst form of kidney trouble, may steal upon you.

Prevalency of Kidney Disease.

Most people do not realize the alarming increase and remarkable prevalency of kidney disease. While kidney disorders are the most common diseases that prevail, they are almost the last recognized by patient and physicians, who usually content themselves with doctoring the effects, while the original disease constantly undermines the system.

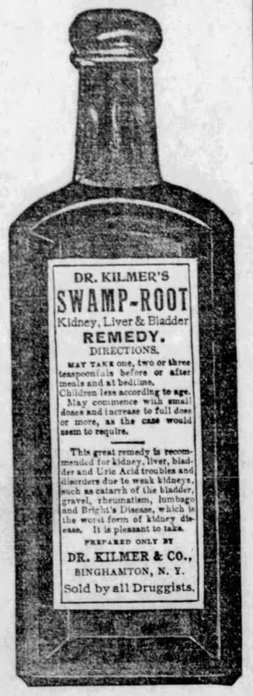
A Trial Will Convince Anyone.

If you feel that your kidneys are the cause of your sickness or run down condition, begin taking Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy, because as soon as your kidneys begin to get better, they will help the other organs to health. In taking Swamp-Root, you afford natural help to Nature, for Swamp-Root is a gentle healing vegetable compound—a physician's prescription for a specific disease.

You cannot get rid of your aches and pains if your kidneys are out of order. You cannot feel right when your kidneys are wrong.

Swamp-Root Is Pleasant to Take.

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one dollar size bottles at all drug stores. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., which you will find on every bottle.



Swamp-Root is always kept up to its high standard of purity and excellence. A sworn certificate of purity with every bottle.

SAMPLE BOTTLE FREE.—To prove the wonderful merits of Swamp-Root you may have a sample bottle and a book of valuable information, both sent absolutely free by mail. The book contains many of the thousands of letters received from men and women who found Swamp-Root to be just the remedy they needed. The value and success of Swamp-Root is so well known that our readers are advised to send for a sample bottle. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure to say you read this generous offer in The Toledo Weekly Blade. The genuineness of this offer is guaranteed.

it, but I promise not to lift a hand if you refuse."

"I not only refuse, but I promise to repeat your conversation to my husband this very night." With that Mrs. Jack hung up the receiver. She rose pale and terribly incensed. The low fellow! How dared he, how dared he! "Patty!" The call brooked no dallying.

The music ceased. Patty came out, blinking.

"You called me, Kate?"

"Patty, McQuade has been calling me up on the telephone."

"Who?"

"McQuade, McQuade! He says that if I do not influence Mr. Warrington to withdraw his name— Did you ever hear of such a thing? I am furious! What can it mean? He says he has heard something about me which he can suppress, but will not if I— Why, Patty, what shall I do? What shall I do?" She crushed her hands together wildly.

"Tell John," said Patty sensibly.

"John? He would thresh McQuade within an inch of his life."

"Tell Warrington, then."

"He would do the same as John. But what can the wretch have found? God knows, Patty, I have always been a good, true woman * * * Think of that man's telephoning me!"

Patty ran to her side and flung her arms about her brother's wife. Patty loved her.

"Don't you bother your head, darling. It can't be anything but a political dodge; it can't be anything serious. McQuade is low enough to frighten women, but don't let him frighten you. I know he lies," said the loyal Patty. "And now that I think it over, it would be best to say nothing to John or Richard. Fisticuffs would get into the papers, and it's my opinion that's just what this man McQuade wants. He could swear to a thousand lies, if the matter became public. But oh!" clenching her hands fiercely, "I'd give a year of my life to see John thresh him. But you say nothing; let us wait and see."

Wise Patty!

At that very moment McQade was swinging in his swivel-chair. There was a smile of satisfaction on his face.

"That'll bring 'em," he said aloud, though he was alone. "That'll bring 'em both up here, roaring like lions. They'll muss up the furniture, and then I can tell the reporters all about it. Even Walford can't object this time."

He rubbed his hands together like Shylock at the thought of his pound of flesh. He had waited a long time. They had ordered him, McQuade, who held the city in his hand—they had ordered him out of the house. Not a grain of mercy, not half a grain. Two birds with one stone. He was shrewd for all his illiteracy. He knew women passably well. This one would tell her husband, who would seek for immediate vengeance.

But sometimes chance overthrows the best laid plans of cleverness and foresight. And this remarkable plan of McQuade's was deranged by a chance guess by Patty.

Meantime at Martin's it was growing lively. The bar was crowded, the restaurant was being liberally patronized, and persons went up the stairs that did not return. Jordan paid the check, and he and Osborne went out.

"When'll they go out, Ben?"

"Monday."

"Too bad. I wish I'd been sober."

"I'll break Morrissy's head one of these fine days. Let's go over to Johnny's; there's music over there."

"All right, Ben."

"And no more booze, mind."

"Just as you say."

Up stairs the gambling den was doing a good business. The annual trotting meet had brought many sporting men to town. They were standing around the faro table; the two roulette wheels were going, and the Klondike machine spun ceaselessly. There were a dozen stacks of chips in front of Bolles. He was smiling, flushed with triumph and whisky.

"Three hundred to the good, old boy!" he said to the man who spun the ivory ball. "I'll break you fellows tonight."

"Bring Mr. Bolles another whisky," said the proprietor.

"I'll take all you can bring."

"You're a tank, sure."

"You bet!" Bolles grinned.

SoS did the banker, covertly. He had seen the comedy played a thousand times. Few men ever took away their winnings, once they started in to drink, and Bolles was already drunk. He lost his next bet. He doubled and lost again. Then he stacked his favorite number. The ball rolled into it, but jumped the compartment, wizard-wise, and dropped into single-o. Bolles cursed the luck. Another whisky was placed at his elbow. He drank it at a gulp.

"Make the limit five," he cried.

The banker nodded to the man at the wheel. Bolles made six bets. He lost them. A quarter of an hour later his entire winnings had passed over the table. He swore, and drew out a roll of bills. He threw a fifty on the black. Red won. He doubled on black. Red won. He plunged. He could not win a single bet. He tried numbers, odd and even, the dozens, splits, squares, column. Fortune had withdrawn her favor.

"Hell!"

He placed his last ten on black, and lost.

"Let me have a hundred."

The banker shook his head and pointed to the signs on the wall: "Checks for money, money for checks, no mouth-bets."

Bolles felt in his pockets and repeated the futile search.

"Not a damned cent!" he shouted. "Cleaned out!"

"Give Mr. Bolles a ten-spot," said the banker. "But you can't play it here, Bolles," was the warning.

Bolles stuffed the note in his pocket and rose. He was very drunk; he himself did not realize how drunk he was till he started for the door. He staggered and lurched against the sideboard. His hat rolled from his head.

An attendant recovered it and Bolles slapped it on his head.

"Get out of the way! It's a snide game, anyhow. You've got wires on the machine. You've got seven hundred o' my money and you give me ten! Hell!"

They opened the door for him and he stumbled out into the dark, unlighted hallway. He leaned against the wall, trying to think it out, searching his pockets again and again. Why in hell hadn't he left some of the money with the bartender? Broke, clean, flat broke! And he had pushed his winnings up to three hundred! He became ugly, now that he fully realized what had happened. He ground his teeth and cursed loudly; he even kicked the door savagely. Then he swung rather than walked down the stairs. He turned into the bar and bought three more whiskies, and was then primed for any deviltry. He was very drunk, but it was a wide-awake drunkenness, cruel and revengeful. He turned into the alley and tried to think of some plan by which he could borrow enough to make a new attempt at fickle fortune. Tomorrow McQuade wouldn't listen to him. Every once in a while he would renew the searching of his pockets, but there was only the remainder of the ten the banker had given him.

John and Warrington had played an uninteresting game of billiards at the club, then finally sought the night and tramped idly about the streets. With Warrington it was sometimes his aunt, sometimes the new life that beat in his heart when he saw Patty, sometimes this game he was playing which had begun in jest and had turned to earnest. With John it was the shops, the shops, always and ever the shops. When they spoke it was in monosyllables. Nevertheless it was restful to each of them to be so well understood that verbal expression was not necessary. They had started toward Martin's on the way home, when Warrington discovered that he was out of cigars. He ran back three or four doors while John proceeded slowly. Just as he was about to cross the alleyway a man suddenly lurched out into the light. He was drunk, but not the maudlin, helpless intoxication that seeks and invites sociability. He was murderously drunk, strong, nervous, excited. He barred Bennington's way.

"I thought it was you!" he said, venomously.

Bennington drew back and started to pass around the man. He did not recognize him. He saw in the action only a man disorderly drunk. But he hadn't taken two steps before the other's words stopped him abruptly.

"You're a millionaire, eh? Well, I'll soon fix you and your actress and her lover. Take that as a starter!"

He struck Bennington savagely on the cheek-bone. Bennington stumbled back, but managed to save himself from falling. Instantly all the war that was in his soul saw an outlet. He came back, swift as a panther and as powerful. In an instant his assailant was on his back on the pavement, the strong fingers tightening about the wretch's throat. Bolles was a powerful man, but he had not the slightest chance. Not a sound from either man There were one or two pedestrians on the opposite side of the street, but either these did not see or would not.

Warrington had made a hurried purchase. As he left the cigar store he saw the two men fall. He ran up quickly, wondering what the trouble was. He had no idea that John was one of the men, but as he saw the light gray suit, and the Panama lying or the ground, he knew.

"For God's sake, John, what are you doing?" he cried.

With a superhuman effort he dragged the enraged man from the prostrate form in the road. It no longer struggled, but lay inert and without motion.

"Was I killing him, Dick?" said John, in a quavering voice. "He struck me—Am I mad, or has the world turned upside down in a minute?"

"What did he say?" asked Warrington. He was badly frightened. He knelt at the side of Bolles and felt of his heart. It still beat.

"What did he say? Nothing, nothing' Where's my hat? I'm going home—Have I—?"

No, he's alive; but I came just in time."

At this moment Bolles turned over and slowly struggled to a sitting posture. His hands went feebly toward his throat.

"He's all right," said Warrington. "We'd better light out. Now what the devil—"

"He struck me. He was drunk. I've been in a fighting mood all day. Call that carriage."

When Mrs. Jack saw him she screamed.

"John!"

"The asphalt was wet, girl, and I took a bad fall." But John lied with ill grace.

(To Be Continued.)

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It quiets the pain at once, and can be applied to the tenderest part without hurting because it doesn't need to be rubbed—all you have to do is to lay it on lightly. It is a powerful preparation and penetrates instantly—relieves any inflammation and congestion, and reduces the swelling.

Here's the Proof.

Mr. L. ROLAND, Bishop of Scranton, Pa. says:—"On the 7th of this present month, as I was leaving the building at noon for lunch, I slipped and fell, spraining my wrist. I returned in the afternoon, and at four o'clock I could not hold a pencil in my hand. I returned home later and purchased a bottle of

Sloan's Liniment

and used it five or six times before I went to bed, and the next day I was able to go to work and use my hand as usual."

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A Simple, Safe, Reliable Way, and It Costs Nothing to Try.

Those who suffer from catarrh know its miseries. There is no need of this suffering. You can get rid of it by a simple, safe, inexpensive, home treatment discovered by Dr. Blosser, who, for over thirty-five years, has been treating catarrh successfully.

His treatment is unlike any other. It is not a spray, douche, salve, cream, or inhaler, but is a more direct and thorough treatment than any of these. It cleans out the head, nose, throat and lungs so that you can again breathe freely and sleep without that stopped-up feeling that all catarrh sufferers have. It heals the diseased mucous membranes and arrests the foul discharge, so that you will not be constantly blowing your nose and spitting, and at the same time it does not poison the system and ruin the stomach, as internal medicines do.

If you want to test this treatment without cost, send your address to Dr. J. W. Blosser, 254 Walton street, Atlanta, Ga., and he will send you by return mail enough of the medicine to satisfy you that it is all he claims for it as a remedy for catarrh, catarrhal headaches, catarrhal deafness, asthma, bronchitis, colds and all catarrhal complications. He will also send you free an illustrated booklet. Write him immediately.

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QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

I want to ask Blade readers a question. I have a cow that had her first calf six weeks ago. Little lumps appear under the skin and under the teats and they break out in small sores. My physician doesn't think it is cow pox, but what is it? Will some one answer?—B., Elba, Ala.

I have two hogs that have lost the use of their hind parts. They eat well and have the use of their front legs, but their hind legs are no good. Somebody please tell me what is wrong and what to do.—S., Williamsfield, Ohio.

Would like to have a receipt for oiling a floor. Should it be painted before oiling. If so, what colored paint should be used?—B., Beverly, Ohio.

I have a dog that is lame in the left front foot and leg. Would be pleased to have a remedy through the Farmstead columns.—M., W. Va.

My entire flock of chickens is sick. One side of the head seems to be effected, the eye becomes watery and dim; seemingly it sinks within and the lid closes. The greater trouble appears to be in the throat. Can anyone tell me what is the matter and what to give?—A.

CASTOR OIL FOR WARTS

To the person who wanted to know how to remove warts from a cow's teats: Use castor oil. I had a cow whose teats were covered with them. I saturated them well with castor oil every time I milked, and they disappeared in a short time.—H., Elizabeth, W. Va.

PREPARED ROOFING

Some time ago The Farmer of St. Paul published a complaint about prepared roofing. Here is an answer they later published:

"In your issue of Aug. 1 I see an article by Dr. C. A. Wood in regard to prepared roofing. I cannot agree with Mr. Wood and I will give my experience concerning prepared roofing. It is five years ago this spring since I covered two buildings with three-ply roofing and to all appearance the roofing is just as good today as the day it was put on, and neither of these roofs have leaked a drop of water so far. All around in this vicinity farmers are using prepared roofing and all are as well satisfied as I am. With prepared roofing as with anything else, it pays to buy the best and then its value depends a great deal upon how the roofing is put on. The roofing must be laid as smooth and as flat as possible. Care must be taken that no nails are sticking up, and the flat headed nails must be not further apart than 1½ inches. The joints must be will cemented, and as there usually comes with the roofing more cement than needed for the first application, it is a good practice to cement the joints once more a year after the roofing is put on. That is what I did, and, as I said before, the roofing gave entire satisfaction, so with us farmers the value of prepared roofing is no longer an experiment, but an established fact and one that has come to stay."

SALT FOR STOCK

Most farmers agree that stock should have access to salt, says the Chicago Weekly Interocean and Farmer, and yet every now and then we run across someone who says that salt is a poison or at least a powerful irritant, and points to the fine condition of his own stock, that are perfectly innocent of the taste of salt. We notice, however, that all animals are fond of salt, that the wild deer hunts out salt lakes in the salt producing country, and in the cut-over county frequents old camps where the lumbermen have been salting their horses in order to secure a taste of it. We have noticed that one of the favorite ways of killing deer in the timber country, out of season, is to put salt in some place from which the deer can be shot from a neighboring tree.

Therefore we think the more practical question is whether it pays to salt once a week or once every two weeks or whether it pays better to keep the salt before the live stock all the time and let them take it when in their own judgment the system requires it.

We once supposed that this question of salting stock had been settled by the use of rock salt thrown around in the pastures, and particularly where there was a burch of hazel brush, Canada thistles or some other weed that the farmer wished to get rid of at a minimum of expense and labor. Farmers who have tried this method make on objection. If the salt is thrown out to dumps the cattle in licking it will form cups or cavities. When the rain falls these fill, and the cattle, through drinking this brine, have an excess of salt, and sometimes are purged violently. If some way could be devised to meet this objection, this seems to us the ideal way of salting stock.

One thing seems to be settled. That the best way to salt hogs is to mix it with corn-cob ashes, putting a large per cent of ashes to a small per cent of salt, say three or four to one, and then leave it where hogs can get it when they desire it.

SCALY LEGS

Frequently there comes to this department inquiries as to the cause of scaly-legged chickens, and it will be of value to know what to do in cases of this kind. Fowls quite often begin to show symptoms of scaly legs, which, although not a disease in itself, mars the looks of the fowls and sometimes leads to disorders which do much injury. It is an affliction peculiar to the summer months and is caused by a small parasite, which burrows under the skin of the legs above the feet and gradually grows, producing a hard, rough surface. As a preventive to scaly legs, kerosene is most effective, if liberally applied to the roosts. The legs of a fowl which have already become afflicted should be rubbed with a mixture of sulphur, lard and kerosene, repeated every few days until the scales disappear. The best plan, however, is to take all precautionary measures before the appearance of the scales.

HOW TO SCARE THE HAWKS

In a recent issue of The Blade someone wanted to know how to keep the hawks away from the chickens. The best method I know is to have guinea fowls with the chicks, or around the yard. They make good scarecrows.—M., Shenadoah, Iowa.

TO KILL WEEVIL

The Chicago Weekly Inter Ocean and Farmer has been asked how to kill weevil in wheat, and it gives the following method:

Weevil in grain in bins can be destroyed by the use of carbon bisulphate, a liquid which readily vaporizes in the open air. It is comparatively cheap and comes in sealed tin cans and can be purchased at drug stores. In using, pour into shallow pans at the top of the grain bin, and close tightly all doors or other openings while the liquid is vaporizing. Do the work in the daytime, when no lantern or artificial light will be necessary, for the vapor of carbon bisulphide is highly inflammable and explosive, and there is danger of a serious fire when a burning flame is brought into its presence. For the same reason do not smoke a pipe or cigar when the liquid is poured into the pans. The vapor is also highly poisonous, hence one should hastily leave the bin as soon as the work is done and not re-enter till after the vapor has done its work and the bin been thoroughly aired for several hours. The vapor is heavier than air and settles among the grain, killing all insects in its reach. One treatment is effective.

BREEDING FOR WOOL AND MUTTON

F. G. Hughes, in Farm World.

To develop a good flock of breeding sheep for wool and mutton, I would begin with the ewes that are half Cotswold and half Merino, and mate them with a buck that is a full-blooded Shropshire.

In this cross you get a grade of sheep that is hard to beat, both for wool and mutton. By this method I once got a twin lamb that sheared when a little more than a year old, 16 pounds of good wool and when a year and a half old the carcass weighed 160 pounds.

I cross my csheep back and forth as my judgment tells me is best. If the sheep are getting too wrinkly and the wool too short, I get either a Cotswold, Oxford or Shropshire buck, and if the fleece is getting too hairy and light in weight, I breed back to the Merinos.

In caring for the flock I prefer green pasture for them as many months in the year as possible.

Blue grass makes the best permanent pasture. Dwarf Essex rape can be sown as soon as the ground will work in the spring, and if sown alone five or six pounds of seed will be required per acre.

Six or eight weeks after sowing it will be ready for pasture, which will last until freezing time.

A smaller amount of rape can be sown with oats and after the crop is removed I have an excellent fall pasture. Sheep like rape, but I would not advise anyone to keep them on rape alone.

Pumpkins are good feed for them in the fall of the year. When winter comes on and the pastures do not furnish enough feed to keep them thrifty and growing nicely, I begin feeding corn and fodder, cow peas and clover hay and sometimes threshed oats or sheep oats.

I believe 10 sheep will eat as much as one cow, and I aim to feed accordingly.

I prefer to have lambs come in February; and, although it may require care to save them during cold weather, when fall comes I think I am ahead, for they go through the winter better and make better sheep than do late lambs.

TO KEEP CABBAGE

A good way to keep cabbage is to sink a barrel about two-thirds in the ground, and fill it with the heads. Bank up the earth about the barrel, and then cover with a heavy covering of straw. The heads will keep in good condition in this way, and they are much handier to get at than if buried in the ordinary way.

THE PRICE OF EGGS

A well known advertising solicitor wrote me a few days ago: "What are you fellows doing? I am fond of ham and eggs for breakfast, but the way prices are soaring, I will have to soon begin calling for terrapin and champagne and leave the ham and eggs to Standard Oil men and other bullionaires. I can't stand the figures. I thought the hog men had some time ago swapped places with their product, but the hen men are soaring above them in the price game, and at present rates it will not be long before a new set of burglars will be abroad burgling hens' nests. Bank vaults will be neglected for poultry houses, and will have to keep in touch with the militia. What's the matter with the hen business, anyway? Can't the hens any longer supply the demand, or are they all on a strike for something you haven't got?"

This chap says he voices the thoughts and opinions of several thousands of other city-bound business men. He says they want eggs, and they want them at a price that will leave them enough to buy an extra collar once in a while. I have not got a large number of hens this season, but what I have shelled out the eggs bountifully, and I noticed that prices were very satisfactory. A few days ago I asked our poultry and egg dealers if there is any peculiar shortage in the eggs and spring chicken supply, and they said there was. But they are of the opinion that it will be made up later. They said the April and May egg supply was short, but they received more eggs in June, July and August than in several years past. The spring months were cold and wet and the hens did not lay as well as usual, but they are now laying later than usual, and they will handle about the normal supply for the year.

The chief reason for the shortage in the spring was the high price and scarcity of feed. Farmers were a little short on feed, and the price was so high that they skimped their stock a little rather than to buy. A good crop of wheat and oats was harvested, and then the hens got all they wanted, and, naturally, began to make up the shortage at the nests. Quite a number of farmers have told me that they did not feed as fully as usual last spring, and did not get as many eggs. I have asked several hundreds about their stock, and without exception they stated that they sold as closely last fall as they dared, keeping only the number of birds over that they felt would be necessary to produce a fair supply of chickens this season. When the excellent wheat crop was made safe, many farmer wives hatched another lot of chickens, because they were sure of having plenty of feed for them. These late hatchings will not be marketable until about December, but the price is sure to be good. The high prices are not caused so much by a shortage in the supply as by the increased demand. A country wants a hundred dozens of eggs now to ten dozens ten years ago, and the demand is increasing every year.—Fred Grundy in Commercial Poultry.

SOME HARD KNOCKS

Woman Gets Rid of "Coffee Heart."

The injurious action of Coffee on the heart of many persons is well known by physicians to be caused by caffeine. This is the drug found by chemists in coffee and tea.

A woman suffered a long time with severe heart trouble and finally her doctor told her she must give up coffee, as that was the principal cause of the trouble. She writes:

"My heart was so weak it could not do its work properly. My husband would sometimes have to carry me from the table, and it would seem that I would never breathe again.

"The doctor told me that coffee was causing the weakness of my heart. He said I must stop it, but it seemed I could not give it up until I was down in bed with nervous prostration.

"For eleven weeks I lay there and suffered. Finally Husband brought home some Postum and I quit coffee and started new and right. Slowly I got well. Now I do not have any headaches, nor those spells with weak heart. We know it is Postum that helped me. The Dr. said the other day, 'I never thought you would be what you are.' I used to weigh 92 pounds and I new weigh 158.

"Postum has done much for me and I would not go back to coffee again for any money, for I believe it would kill me if I kept at it. Postum must be well boiled according to directions on pkg., then it has a rich flavour and with cream is fine."

Read "The Road to Wellville," found in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true and full of human interest.

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HEALTH

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

I want humanity to have the benefit of my discovery. It is my ambition to place my Heart Tablets in the hands of every sufferer. My confidence is so great—I know so well just what they will do—that I will send a course of treatment, sufficient for a good, fair, honest test, by mail, postpaid, absolutely free, to any sufferer, anywhere. No case should be pronounced incurable before they are used.

SICKNESS

THOUSANDS HAVE HEART DISEASE AND DO NOT KNOW IT

Through ignorance of the symptoms they are being hurried on to almost certain death. While they doctor the stomach, lung kidneys or nerves, the true cause of their trouble—heart disease—obtains a most deadly grasp on the system. Nearly all of the deaths are needless and could have easily been avoided had my heart treatment been used. **If you have any one—even only one—the following symptoms,** take steps to-day to protect yourself from sudden death. Delay may mean death.

WHAT OTHERS SAY

There is no part of the country in which remarkable cures have not been made—cases pronounced incurable and where all hope had been abandoned. A list of over 1,000 recent testimonials and endorsements—every one guaranteed genuine—will be sent with the free treatment.

Fluttering; Palpitation; Skipping Beats; Shortness of Breath; Tenderness, Numbness or Pain in left side, in the arm or under the shoulder blade; Fainting Spells; Nervousness; Dizziness; Sinking Spells; Spots before the eyes; Hungry or Weak Spells; Sudden Starting in Sleep; Nightmare; Choking Sensation in Throat; Oppressed Feeling in Chest; Cold Hands or Feet; Pain when lying on left side; Dropsy; Swelling of Feet or Ankles (one of the surest signs); or Neuralgia around the Heart.

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GROWS HAIR and we can

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A lady from Minnesota writes: "As a result of using Danderine, my hair is close to five feet in length."

Beautiful Hair At Small Cost

HAIR troubles, like many other diseases, have been wrongly diagnosed and altogether misunderstood. The hair itself is not the thing to be treated, for the reason that it is simply a product of the scalp and wholly dependent upon its action. The scalp is the very soil in which the hair is produced, nurtured and grown, and it alone should receive the attention if results are to be expected. It would do no earthly good to treat the stem of a plant with a view of making it grow and become more beautiful—the soil in which the plant grows must be attended to. Therefore, **the scalp in which the hair grows must receive the attention if you are to expect it to grow and become more beautiful.**

Loss of hair is caused by the scalp drying up, or losing its supply of moisture or nutriment; when baldness occurs the scalp has simply lost all its nourishment, leaving nothing for the hair to feed upon (a plant or even a tree would die under similar conditions.)

The natural thing to do in either case, is to feed and replenish the soil or scalp as the case may be, and your crop will grow and multiply as nature intended it should.

Knowlton's Danderine has a most wonderful effect upon the hair glands and tissues of the scalp. It is the only remedy for the hair ever discovered that is similar to the natural hair foods or liquids of the scalp.

It penetrates the pores quickly and the hair soon shows the effects of its wonderfully exhilarating and life-producing qualities.

One 25-cent bottle is enough to convince you of its great worth as a hair growing and hair beautifying remedy—**try it and see for yourself.**

NOW at all druggists in three sizes, 25c, 50c and $1.00 per bottle.

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2 Gallons for $5. 3 for $7.50 or 1 for $3, choice of Rye, Bourbon or Corn, expressed prepaid in plain boxes, either 4 for $3., 8 for $6. or 12 for $9. Fulton Straight whiskey highest medicinal thoroughly matured, in Myers patent 1 gallon demijohns. To prove Fulton is best you need

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is just what its name means—A TONE FOR ALL THE BODY and we want you to try it and see what it will do for YOUR body. Bodi-Tone is a little round tablet that is taken three times every day, either before or after meals, whichever the user prefers. Each $1.00 box contains seventy-five Bodi-Tones, enough for twenty-five days continuous use, and we send you the full box on twenty-five days' trial, so that you can try it and learn what it is, so you can learn how easy and simple it is to take, so you can learn how it works in the body, how it helps nature to tone every organ in the body.

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is a new remedy, but the ingredients which compose it are as old as the science of medicine itself. Its composition is not secret. Every one of the twelve valuable ingredients which go to make up Bodi-Tone are well known to all doctors of all schools; each has a well defined, well known and thoroughly established place in the realm of medicine, each has its own well known work to do in the body and each is prescribed by physicians every day in the year. Among the ingredients which compose Bodi-Tone are Iron, for the Blood, Phosphate, to help tone the Nerves, Lithia for the Kidneys, Gentian for the Stomach, Chinese Rhubarb for the Liver, Cascara, which restores tone to the Bowels and Intestines, and Peruvian Bark for the General System. We claim no credit for these ingredients, each of which has its own well-deserved place in the Materia Medicas of all the civilized world and are recommended by all modern medical writers and teachers—we simply claim credit for the manner in which they are combined, for the proportions used, for the remedy—Bodi-Tone, which they make and which we want to send you immediately, as soon as you write for it, so you can try it and learn how it acts.

Bodi-Tone

is no new-fangled, secret, mysterious, "discovered by accident," Egyptian, Indian, Chinese, Shaker or Quaker remedy. It depends upon no superstition or romantic story to make people believe in its efficacy. It is the scientific prescription of well known and competent doctors and chemists, and is compounded in one of the largest and best known pharmaceutical laboratories in the United States. It was conceived with the purpose, which we announce to all the world, to give the people a pure and safe household and home medicine, one that has medical authority behind it, one that doctors could sanction and approve, one whose composition could be boldly proclaimed and being all this, it is destined to become the foremost proprietary medicine of the century, a genuine pure food and drug medicine.

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though a scientific medicinal combination, is prepared from such remedies which the common people as well as the Doctors KNOW TO BE GOOD, which they can place confidence in, which they know they can safely use, and most of all, is composed of things which make it A GOOD REMEDY. It is right all through, from the first to the twelfth ingredient, a remedy that knows its work in the body and does it in a way that satisfies the body-owner. It is a pure remedy, that all the family, young and old, can use. It contains no poisonous drugs, it contains no harmful drugs, it contains nothing that we are ashamed to tell all the world, it contains no ingredient that your own family doctor will not endorse and say is a good thing. It does not depend on drugging the body. It does not kill pain with opium or morphine. It does not excite the body with alcohol, but it tones the body with the remedies which nature intended to tone the body, or that power would not have been given to them.

Bodi-Tone

offers its valuable services to you right now, right from this page, if you are sick, if you need medicinal help, if your body is not in right, natural and normal tone. That is what Bodi-Tone is for—TO HELP NATURE RESTORE TONE TO THE BODY, to help nature restore normal health, energy, vigor, strength and weight. If there is anything wrong with your Stomach, Bodi-Tone helps to tone the Stomach, helps to set the wrong right. If there is anything wrong with your Kidneys, Bodi-Tone helps to restore tone to the Kidneys, helps to set them right. If there is anything wrong with your Blood, your Liver, your Bowels or your General System, the ingredients in Bodi-Tone, which are endowed by nature with a special action in these parts, go right to work and keep on working day after day, exerting always a well understood, definite action that produces general results of the kind sufferers appreciate. If you have Rheumatism, Bodi-Tone, a splendid eliminant, helps to eliminate the Uric Acid from the system while it restores tone to the Kidneys, Stomach and Blood, thereby exerting a continual anti-rheumatic effect which makes it hard for rheumatism to obtain or retain a foothold in the system. Bodi-Tone should be used by all women suffering from any of the various Female Ailments, for its toning properties are especially valuable in such ailments.

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is especially urged for all chronic sufferers, who have tried honest, reputable physicians at home and elsewhere without getting the relief and permanent benefit desired. If your local doctor is doing you no real good, if you have given him a real and honest chance to do what he can and the medical combinations he has used have failed, then give THIS SCIENTIFIC, MODERN COMBINATION of old-time remedies a chance to show what it can do for you.

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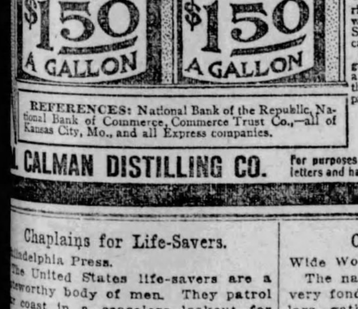

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Our Proposition: Send us $2.97 and we will send you, same day your order is received, in an unrecognizable package, 2 full gallons of fine, pure whiskey, rich and mellow. Try it and test it in any way you wish and if you do not find it to be the best whiskey you ever purchased at twice the price, send it back and we will return your money. Send P. O. Order, Express Money Order or Bank Draft. Do not send private checks. We cannot afford to pay exchange at the price we sell our goods at.

This is an unheard-of low price, but go to your saloon dealer and ask him what he pays per gallon for whiskey by the barrel in large quantities, for which he charges you 10 or 15 cents a drink, and if he tells you the truth you will find he pays from $1.40 to $1.50 a gallon. By this special offer you are enabled to buy in 2-gallon lots at the same price that your dealer pays in large quantities by the barrel. Why pay more? We quote in larger quantities:

5 Gallon Keg . . . $7.25 | 25 Gallon Half Barrel $33.50
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REFERENCES: National Bank of the Republic, National Bank of Commerce, Commerce Trust Co.,—all of Kansas City, Mo., and all Express companies.

CALMAN DISTILLING CO. For purposes of privacy, address your letters and have all remittances made to **M. CALMAN, President,** 34 Calman Ave. KANSAS CITY, MO.

Chaplains for Life-Savers.

Philadelphia Press.

The United States life-savers are a worthy body of men. They patrol the coast in a ceaseless lookout for imperiled ships in danger or distress. They live a rather isolated life, more so, perhaps, than is for their good. The Rev. R. Ashley Cake, of Port Republic, N. J., thinks that the coast guardsmen need the services of chaplains just as much as soldiers and sailors, and he honestly advocates the government making some provision for the spiritual welfare of the large army of its coast guardsmen. There is logic, reason and good religion in his contentions, and while there may be practical difficulties in the way he can probably show by his own experience in ministering to the spiritual needs of coast guardsmen that the difficulties are not insurmountable if there is a real disposition to overcome them.

Short Distance View of a King.

Gentleman's Journal.

The king and the queen arrived at Holyrood alone in their motor car and were received by the Duke of Richmond. I was very close to the queen when he entered his reserved balcony, and I afterward stood within a few feet of him (in the pouring rain). I also saw him turn up his own trousers and carry his own umbrella, which I think were I a king I would have done one else do for me. He is a very fine looking man indeed, but he has a style of wearing his clothes absolutely different from anybody else. His high silk hat is also distinctive to himself. He also wore a raincoat, a Lord Raglan, cut very full, and he had on a bright blue scarf, with a pink pearl. He wore a dark red carnation in his buttonhole. He is a very democratic king indeed. I fancy though he plays to the gallery a great deal.

Caterpillars as Food.

Wide World Magazine.

The natives of the Upper Congo are very fond of certain kinds of caterpillars gathered from the trees which these insects frequent during the caterpillar season. They assert that "mita," as they call these edible caterpillars, are very palatable when cooked in the proper way.

Several kinds are eaten, ranging in size from small insects less than two inches long, which form clusters of nests in the branches of the trees and therefore easily gathered, to big, hairy monsters five or six inches long and proportionately thick.

Few Congress Gaiters Worn Now.

Shoe Retailer.

The production of congress shoes in men's factories has not been discontinued altogether, some being still made. The output is about one pair to a hundred at the time when congress gaiters were worn by nearly half the people.

It is said that the goring was the main thing that hurt the shoe, and by this it is meant that it did not wear as well as the leather; but the main reason why congress shoes went out was because they were uncomfortable around the ankle.

North Carolina Snake Story.

Statesville Mascot.

We have often heard of snakes eating eggs—hen eggs—but never knew until recently, when we learned the secret from an eyewitness. It was in Rowan county, where the blacksnake swallowed four hen eggs. He found the nest under an apple tree, and although the eggs were larger around than the snake's head, his neck or even his body, he had no trouble in getting them pushed down the narrow passage. You could see them go without any trouble and when the four eggs were in the snake you could see four knots on the snake.

But how did he digest them? Well, that was an easy question for Mr. Blacksnake. He crawled up the body of an apple tree, wrapped himself around it and tightened himself until pop, pop, pop, pop—and all the eggs were broken.

AUSTRIA'S WAR ON SNAKES

New Additions to the Empire Overrun With Reptiles.

Sarajevo correspondence Pall Mall Gazette.

Austria's new territory is undesirably rich in snakes, mostly of the poisonous varieties, and the government is taking vigorous measures to exterminate them.

In the ten years from 1896 to 1905 the average yearly death roll from snake bites in Bosnia and Herzegovina was 13 persons, and 1,338 head of cattle, horses and domestic animals. Besides this hundreds of persons were bitten by snakes, but recovered.

Since 1906 the provincial authorities have given money premiums for the killing of snakes. In that year, 30,056 dead snakes were brought in, of which 25,438 were poisonous. Next year, when the official reward system became more generally known, these figures increased enormously, no fewer than 280,718 snakes being killed, including 271,685 poisonous.

Last year's figures were very nearly the same and it will be some years before the work of extermination can be anything like completed, but at the same time the number of persons reported bitten by poisonous snakes seems to be steadily decreasing—208 in 1907 and 140 last year.

Hill's Offer to Judge Peckham.

Albany Argus.

It is a part of the unwritten history of the politics of New York state that in 1902 Mr. Hill, then the unquestioned leader of the state Democracy, offered the nomination for governor to Justice Peckham, with the assurance that, so far as he, Mr. Hill, could bring it to pass, the New York delegation would be for Mr. Peckham for president in 1904, should he accept the nomination for governor. Mr. Peckham, however, felt that his life work was along judicial lines, and declined the proffer. Gov. Odell in that year had less than 9,000 plurality over Bird S. Coler, so that it is altogether probable that Mr. Peckham might have been governor, and that even the presidency might have followed.

LITTORAL DEFENSE CORPS

Amalgamation of Marine and Coast Defense Branches Is Advocated.

New York Tribune.

Recent developments suggest the thought that the time may have arrived for the creation of a littoral defense corps as a distinct branch of the military establishment. The strength of the movement to exclude the marines from naval vessels and confine their function to the guarding of navy yards and bases seems to have become apparent even to the marines themselves. The Tribune's Washington bureau reports that the commissioned personnel of the marine corps seriously contemplates asking congress to transfer the entire corps to the army, with the hope of finding there more congenial surroundings. Gen. Murray, chief of artillery, after an extended inspection of the coast defenses announces the necessity of an additional force to guard "the back doors" of the modern fortifications and those portions of the coast beyond the reach of the fortified ordnance. Finally there is much discussion of the advisability of transferring the coast defense corps to the navy because it shares with that arm the responsibility of defending the littoral and is essentially distinct from the mobile army.

The amalgamation of the marine and coast defense corps in a littoral defense corps might solve all the difficulties. The marines under an arrangement that would retain sufficient mobility to enable them to guard naval bases, the rear approaches to the fortifications and unfortified portions of the littoral, while practically the entire supervision of that important branch of defense could be made responsible to either the secretary of the navy or the secretary of war, as circumstances might dictate.

Climbing Army Ladder in England.

London Evening Standard.

A return was issued this morning showing the average time taken from the date of first commission in attaining respectively the ranks of Captain and of Major of officers in the cavalry, royal artillery, royal engineers, infantry and Indian army.

The average time was lowest in the cavalry, the period being seven years and five months. Next comes the garrison artillery, with eight years, follower by the infantry, eight years and four months; field artillery eight years and six months, and the engineers and Indian army nine years. The two latter were time promotions.

The average time taken to reach the rank of Major was: Cavalry, 14 years and 10 months; field artillery, 17 years and 6 months; Indian army, 18 years; infantry, 19 years and 3 months; engineers, 19 years and 7 months; garrison artillery, 20 years. The Indian army period was a time promotion.

English Pearl Fisheries.

Westminster Gazette.

Pearl fishing, writes a correspondent, is still carried on with considerable success on the River Teith at Callander, Perthshire. The "seed pearls," which include both black and pure white specimens, are got in the shells of fresh water mussels. The local worthies, who often add largely to their incomes, practice their calling at night the more up to date using a small electric light attached to a cord, which, when sunk within a few inches of the bottom of the stream reveals the glistening shells. These are then secured with a cloven ash stick. Oblong pearls of big size are often got.

QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1. Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers we will reply in print, but never by mail.

CANADA

Please tell about the settlement of Canada and its conquest by England.—L. M. G., Sisterville, W. Va.

The English ships were the first to reach the shores of what is now Canada. In 1497 John Cabot first planted the flag of Britain on the coast of Labrador. But Jacques Cartier, the French navigator, was the first who really opened up Canada for European settlers in the year 1534. He landed with 200 colonists some years later, but after struggling for two winters they were compelled to return. For the next 50 years there were no more attempts on the region except those by English explorers. But after 1600 settlers come over and the land was soon dotted with small settlements. They had trouble with the Indians like all the pioneers had then, and as the country was under French control the settlers were often compelled to fight with the colonists of the United States for England had many wars with France, and the English colonists had to fight for her cause in order to protect their homes. When the Seven Years' war broke out between France and England a campaign was instituted against the French possessions in North America. Wolfe was the leading British general while Montcalm held the same station among the French and Canadian troops. Wolfe won the battle at Quebec and the French stronghold fell, with it the French empire in North America. Canada is now annexed to the British empire.

WASHINGTON IRVING

Will the Question Bureau please give a biography of Washington Irving?—G. R., Glenmont, O.

Washington Irving, the American author, was born April 3, 1783, and died November 28, 1859. His father was a merchant of New York. Young Irving was the youngest of a family of 11 children, and his school education was not given much attention though two of his older brothers were sent to college. But Washington made up for his lack of schooling by reading many books, among them being the works of Spenser and Chaucer. He entered a law office at the age of 16, and began his authorship in 1802 by writing humorous sketches for a newspaper edited by his brother Peter. Developing symptoms of consumption he sailed for Europe two years later where he spent two years of travel until he had recovered his health. On his return he was admitted to the bar, but instead of practicing law he assisted in the issue of Salmagundi, the success of which determined his career, and the immediate character of his writings. At the close of the year 1808 he set about reshaping the burlesque history of New York. About this time the woman to whom he was engaged died, much to Irving's sorrow. In 1810 Irving was received in partnership with his brothers in their importing house. He edited a Philadelphia magazine in the year 1814. In the same year when the British entered the city of Washington Irving offered his services to his native state and was made aide-de-camp to Governor Tompkins with the rank of colonel. At the close of the war he sailed for England, where he was well received by the leading literary men of that country. But the firm with which he and his two brothers were connected failed and Irving began to write, after refusing a post in the navy board at home. He wrote his sketches in London and sent some of them to this country for publication. In 1826 Irving traveled through Spain getting material for various books. In 1829 he was made secretary of legation in London, and three years later returned to America where he traveled in the western states. He bought a farm at Tarrytown and lived there, writing books on various subjects until 1842 when he was appointed minister to Spain and had little time for writing for a period of four years. He returned and engaged himself in literary pursuits until his death in his 77th year from heart disease. He was buried by the side of his mother, whose tastes he had inherited, and whose sympathy and nature had made him what he was. His authorship was the outcome of his personal character, and was little modified by the literatures of the world.

ETHELBERT W. NEVIN

Will you please give a biographical sketch of the composer, Ethelbert Nevin?—T. J. D., Cannelton, Ind.

Ethelbert Woodbridge Nevin, the American composer, was born November 25, 1862, and died February 17, 1901. His musical education was obtained in Pittsburg and Berlin. After three years spent in the latter city he returned to his native land and opened a school in Boston. He appeared in public occasionally, but his reputation rests chiefly upon his compositions, which date from his 12th year. One of his compositions which is popular throughout the world was written when he was 13 years of age.

One critic has said that Nevin's songs, written with a high poetical feeling, inspired by the verses they sing, are melodious enough to justify them as lyrics, yet are near enough to impassioned recitative to do justice to the words upon which they are built; and that his method of accompaniment is not the slavish thumping of a few chords, to keep the voice on the key, with outbursts of real expression only at the interludes, but with a free instrumental composition, with a meaning and intregal value of its own; not merely serving the voice, but truly accompanying it.

JOHN KNOX

Will you please give a brief biography of John Knox, the Scottish reformer?—M. C. R., Portland, Ore.

John Knox was born in 1505, and died November 24, 1572. In 1522 he entered Glasgow University, but there are no records of his having graduated. He studied law and acted as a notary at Haddington. In 1544 he became a tutor to several sons of noblemen, and while engaged in this, George Wishart, a Lutheran, found refuge in the houses of the noblemen where he taught and exercised a powerful influence on Knox. Wishart was later burned for heresy, and Knox took refuge, in 1547, with his pupils, in the castle of St. Andrews; was urged to become a preacher and accepted the call of the congregation there. The same year the castle to which he had fled was captured by the French and Knox was imprisoned in the galleys for two years. For the next few years he preached throughout Europe and was connected with many reform movements. In 1556 he was summoned by the bishops to appear at Edinburgh. He came with such a powerful following that the prosecution was abandoned. The same year he returned to Switzerland where he published a work against women who were in power in the various courts of Europe. This complicated his dealings with Elizabeth and Mary Stuart. Knox returned to Edinburgh in 1559. The regent Mary had at this time renewed her persecution of the Reformation; a riot occurred at Perth, where Knox was preaching, and the struggle began which ended in the deposition of the regent. The Scottish parliament then abolished Roman Catholicism. At this time Mary of Scotland arrived from France to her native country and took up the reins of government. In the struggle between her Catholic sympathies and the Protestantism of her people, Knox had frequent dramatic encounters with her. However, he was mainly occupied with the organization of the Presbyterian church in Scotland.

THE MAGNETIC POLES

S. H., Kessler's Cross Lanes, W. Va.: The south magnetic pole is near the geographical pole. The correctness of this statement has been proved absolutely. In 1821 the south magnetic pole was found by Sir James Ross in Boothia Felix, Canada, latitude 70 degrees, 20 minutes, longitude 95 degrees. The north magnetic pole is in latitude—72 degrees, 35 minutes, longitude—152 degrees. There is no magnetic equator. The poles of a compass needle are magnetized so that the north pole of the compass always points toward the south magnetic pole, which is in a northerly direction, as the north pole of the needle is attracted by the south magnetic pole, for like poles repulse and unlike poles attract each other.

QUOITS

Will you please give the rules for playing the game of quoits?—G. F. H., Cambridge Spring, Pa.

Quoits are ring-shaped pieces of metal, usually iron. In size they are usually from eight to nine inches. The game is played on a ground from 18 to 24 yards in length, at each end of which a pin called a hob is fixed on the ground to serve for a mark. The object of the game is to throw the quoits from one end of the ground to the other, so as to make them stick in the ground as near the hob as possible. The best shot is called a ringer, and is made when the quoit surrounds the hob. The players are divided into sides, and each player has two quoits which he delivers in quick succession. The winning side counts one for each quoit that is nearer the hob than the nearest of the losing side, and if it has a ringer it counts two for it. The rules as to the size of the quoits, the distance between the hobs, and other particulars, vary with different players. In this country many of the games are played with cast-off horseshoes.

HALLOWEEN

Will you please explain the origin of the celebration of Halloween?—I. P., Dalton, Pa.

Like almost all of the Christian festivals, Hallomas, or All Saints' day, is associated with an ancient pagan celebration of great antiquity, and from this older rite many of its curious and singular observances are derived. Halloween is the vigil of the feast of All Saints, and the custom of its elaborate observance is general everywhere, though its greatest development has been reached in Scotland. Modern practice has largely omitted what at one time was the most important part of Halloween ritual—that is, the lighting of bonfires at nightfall by each household. From this practice the relationship that it bears to the older Druidical festival of Samuin is apparent. This was a great occasion in the days of the ancient pagan worship, and all the hearths were on this day rekindled from the sacred fire. The feast of All Saints was introduced very early by the Christian church because of the impossibility of keeping a separate day for every saint. In the fourth century, when the persecution of the Christians had ceased, the first Sunday after Easter was appointed by the Greek church as the day for commemorating the martyrs generally. In the Church of Rome, a like festival was introduced about 610 A. D. The real festival of All saints, however, was first regularly introduced by Pope Gregory IV, in 835, and appointed for the first day of November. It was admitted into England about 870, and probably about the same time into Ireland and Scotland. The festival is common to the Roman Catholic, English and Lutheran branches of the church. The leading idea of Halloween is that it is the time of all others when supernatural influences are strong, and charms, therefore, will not fail to work. Spirits, both good and evil, walk abroad on this one mysterious night, and divination attains its highest power. All who choose may avail themselves of the privileges of the occasion with the certainty that their questions will be answered.

THE FIRST COMPASS

Who was the inventor of the first compass used by the mariners?—G. W. S., Hannibal, O.

The origin of the compass cannot be traced with anything like certainty. It is believed that the Chinese knew something about the polaric property of the loadstone a couple of thousand of years before the Christian era. In the year 1242 A. D. Ballak Kibdjaki gave an explicit description of a primitive kind of compass in common use on the Syrian coast. It is also said that on the return of Marco Polo from Cathay in 1260 he brought a knowledge of this as well as several other Chinese inventions with him. The Italians say that Flavio Gioja invented it. But this was in 1300, and it is obvious that he must have only improved and not invented it. The discovery of the variation of the needle has generally been attributed to Columbus, but it is now supposed to have been known much earlier.

J. S. COXEY

Will you please give a sketch of the life of J. S. Coxey, the man who led the army to Washington?—C. H. B., Shelby, Neb.

In November, 1908, Jacob S. Coxey, of Massilon, Ohio, announced that he intended leading an army of 100,000 unemployed to Washington to petition congress to issue bonds for the improvement of roads. This was during a financial depression and the country was filled with many idle persons. In March of the following year, after Coxey had announced his intention, he left Massilon at the head of 122 people. He reached Washington May 1. In attempting to make a speech from the capitol steps, he was accused of stepping on the grass, and with another person was imprisoned for 20 days.

MISCELLANEOUS

W. A. T., Purdy, Va.: The population of this country in the year 1860 was 31,443,321; in 1870, 38,558,371; in 1880, 50,155,783; in 1890, 62,622,250.

W. F. J., Doer, Fla.: We know nothing concerning mineral needles.

F. C. Lascassas, Tenn.: Up to June 30, 1908, there was 5,815,993,693 pounds of manufactured cotton exported from the United States and $25,177,758 worth of manufactures of cotton. There was no wheat nor corn shipped from the country.

E. W. P., Wahoo, Neb.: Ask some physician for the information you want concerning antitoxine.

W. T., Clay City, Ind.: Three women, two white children and a negro boy were the sole survivors of the battle of Alamo. Five Texans were taken prisoners, but were butchered by the brutal Santa Anna.

A. E. W., Pontiac, Ill.: We cannot answer your question.

C. H. W., St. Paris, O.: The lieutenant-generals of the United States army up to the year 1903 were George Washington, Winfield Scott, U. S. Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, John M. Schofield and Nelson A. Miles.

R. H. M., Leesville, O.: The apostrophe in the word o'clock stands for "of the." The word means of the clock.

J. B. W., Clinton, Mich.: It is our opinion that the reason that election day comes on the first Tuesday after the first Monday of November is so that it will never fall on the first of the day of the week.

S. C., Truman, Minn.: We have given all the information you want in these columns quite recently.

THIS WILL INTEREST MANY.

F. W. Parkhurst, the Boston publisher, says that if anyone afflicted with rheumatism in any form, neuralgia or kidney trouble, will send their address to him at 704-5 Carney Bldg., Boston, Mass., he will direct them to a perfect cure. He has nothing to sell or give, only tells you how he was cured after years of search for relief. Hundreds have tested it with success.

FLOWER IMITATES INSECTS

Spots on Plant That Resemble Flies —Curious Bee Orchid.

Chicago Tribune.

Orchid imitations are a puzzle to flower scholars. The whole appearance of the flower is suggestive of some insect, sometimes to quite a remarkable degree. It does not seem easy to find any real purpose that could be served by this resemblance, yet no one imagines that it can be accidental.

Anyone who knew of the bee orchid, a native of Europe and came upon it for the first time would at once recognize it. It seems to be a large velvety brown-backed bee variegated with yellow. The two lateral petals might well serve for the wings of the insect.

In the center of the lip of the fly orchid there is a small bluish spot like the body of a fly. The two lateral petals are slender and curiously like the antennae of an insect. The whole illusion is complete and suggests to the casual glance that a few flies are hanging on the stem of some plant which has cast its flowers.

New York's Holidays.

Watertown Times.

With Columbus day there are ten statutory holidays in this state. There are New Year's day, Lincoln's Birthday, Washington's Birthday, Memorial day, Fourth of July, Labor day, election day, Thanksgiving day and, and Christmas. March, April, June and August are the only months without general holidays, while February and November each have two. It has been proposed to make Good Friday and St. Patrick's day also legal holidays, and that would bring in March, and a Cook or a Peary day would give April a chance. June and August, the two months when holidays would be the most enjoyable, ought certainly to have several each, even if events to celebrate have to be manufactured. The ease with which the legislature creates legal holidays by request of anybody shows that all this is not impossible, and, indeed, legal workdays may be entirely abolished.

A CASE LIKE CRANE'S.

Ninian Edwards Started as Minister for Mexico but Never Got There.

New York Sun.

The experience of Charles R. Crane with the mission to China recalls the case of the almost forgotten Ninian Edwards, who started out as United States minister to Mexico but never reached the capital of the sister republic.

Edwards had been United States senator from Illinois and Monroe near the close of his second term gave him the Mexican mission. The country was then nearing the end of the so-called era of good feeling and Edwards had been contributing his share to the political discord of that curious time by writing letters signed "A. B." in a Washington newspaper published in the interest of Calhoun. These letters accused William H. Crawford, secretary of the treasury, of corrupt practices in office, and they were intended to kill off Crawford as a candidate for President. Calhoun himself was the subject of similar attacks instigated by Crawford, but he easily disproved them.

Edwards arranged that after he had started for his post in Mexico the "A. B." letters should be sent to the house of representatives as the basis of impeachment proceedings against Crawford, and it was then that the authorship of the letters became known. In transmitting them to the speaker of the house Edwards avowed himself their author and added to the charges already made public others that were sufficient as ground of impeachment.

Crawford at the time lay ill at home, having been attacked with paralysis about four months earlier, in September, 1823, and left in such condition that he transacted much of his business as secretary of the treasury by proxy. The attack in the house had been made by Edwards at such a time as made it difficult for Crawford to prepare a defence before the political campaign of 1824 was finished.

His friends rallied to his aid and asked that Edwards be fetched back. The house accordingly sent the sergeant at arms after the minister and he was overtaken near New Orleans. H came back 1,500 miles to Washington in the custody of the sergeant at arms.

Crawford meanwhile had got together a mass of evidence on his side and Edwards completely failed to make good his charges, so that a committee of which Daniel Webtser and John Randolph were members unanimously reported in vindication of the accused secretary.

Although Edwards had had a long, honorable and successful public career as a judge in Kentucky and as territorial governor of Illinois and then as senator, this affair was his ruin in national politics. It was known that Crawford had fought two duels and killed his man in one of them and maybe this fact was taken into account by the public in estimating the quality of Edward's performance in making an attack upon a physically disabled man and hastening to a distant land just when his share in the matter should become known.

At any rate such a storm of contempt broke upon him that he resigned his appointment to Mexico and returned to Illinois. He was then under 50, but he took no further part in national politics, though he had a sort of vindication at home by his election as governor of Illinois. He died less than ten years after this affair. Crawford, the invalid, outlived him by about a year.

CHRONIC CASES HOPELESS

Doctor Says Medicine and Knife Should Be Little Used.

New York Times.

Dr. Beverley Robinson, a prominent physician of this city, declares it is his opinion, formed as the result of long experience, that physicians do not cure chronic diseases. In view of this opinion he holds that doctors and surgeons should interfere as little as possible, no more in fact, than to soothe the patient. He adds that he is well aware of the storm of protest the expression of his views will raise. Dr. Robinson's opinion is contained in an article on "Prevention and Cure" in the New York Medical Journal, and he says, in part:

"All medical men today who are thoughtful and informed recognize fully how much more important it is to prevent disease than to cure it. Indeed, what is termed a cure is not in any strict sense a cure at all. Nine times in 10 in acute disease, medical or surgical, nature, with intelligent guidance, which usually means little or no active interference, works out the ultimate well-being of the patient so far as may be. Of course, I do not wish to say for an instant that there should not be help rendered in a proper and judicious way. This may be given by a good and reliable nurse—sometimes without much, if any, medical supervision on the part of physician or surgeon—again with oversight and instruction from time to time by the latter. But as to very frequent counsel advice, acting from either source, it is more than questionable often whether or not benefit results.

"What we most need above everything else in time of illness is gentle, soothing ministration and the touch and aid of the one who knows how and when to give suitable food and drink, to ventilate the sick chamber, to change and air the bed, to smooth and arrange the pillows and coverings, and see that knowing and watchful care is instituted at all times. Love, sympathy, and the hourly, godly works that proceed almost infallibly therefrom are what is above all imperatively required. Charts, temperatures, pulse, respiration, heart beats, etc., may often be ignored from a scientific standpoint without great detriment to the patient.

"Do we really cure chronic diseases? I fail to have seen it in the large majority of instances. We simply render them more bearable, and by modifying or lessening symptoms for a shorter or longer period we give comparative ease and comfort, and no doubt also prevent at times the development of certain untoward sequelae. If the foregoing be admitted as true, doesn't it seem far better to interfere medically or surgically as little as possible? Doesn't it seem wrong to give medicines to correct what at best is doubtful as to origin and consequences amply justify it?"

An Irish Centenarian.

London Globe.

Patrick Clogan, a native of Dromina, Charleville, has just passed away, having attained the remarkable age of 112 years. He enjoyed remarkable health during life, notwithstanding the fact that he always worked hard and often withstood great exposure.

He had been, however, invariably temperate in his habits and constituted in himself a remarkable exponent of the cult of the simple life. He had a wonderful memory. He had a large family, his youngest surviving child being at present close on 70 years, while his eldest died some years ago at the ripe age of 80 years.

Shoemaker's Candles.

Correspondence the Dickensian.

I well remember some 70 years since seeing flat candles in use. To produce what was known as the flat candle, which was also sometimes called "shoemaker's candle," two newly made "dips" were pressed close to each other while soft and then again lowered into the hot fat, thus holding them together as one candle with two wicks. The size could then be increased if desired.

The flat candle was most generally used by shoemakers and tailors, but was made use of in some households whenever an extra bright light for working or reading was required.

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TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1909.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

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ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover each week all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the home of the free American people.

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Entered at the postoffice at Toledo as second-class mail matter.

Circulation Last Week 241,000

Trouble never comes singly to a bigamist.

Something worse than a hookworm is the matter with Breathitt county, Ky.

Running for office in a dry town should be much cheaper than the old way.

We hope all the campaign liars will now ask the Lord to forgive them, and henceforth try to live better lives.

No poor man, if he had a million dollars, would do what he thinks he would do.

If men loved their neighbors as themselves less money would be spent for fences.

Nine feet of water in the Ohio would have the effect of keeping that river wet all summer.

There seems to be no closed season in Kentucky for the protection of the dove of peace.

What is the man who puts his money in a stocking instead of banking it, pessimist or optimist?

What has become of the man who used to say that his home was wherever he took his hat off?

By going Republican, Rhode Island escaped the humiliation of being turned over to Senator Aldrich.

Gathering autumn leaves makes a young man feel silly, except when he does it to please a sweet girl.

The National Geographic society upholds Peary, but it doesn't advise him to go on the lecture platform.

While we were finding fault with the tough steak, Borneo cannibals were eating an old British sea captain.

When a man has reached Speaker Cannon's age it is hard to teach him a new trick, like that of resigning.

It should never be necessary for a woman who can talk like Mrs. Pankhurst to use brickbats as an argument.

It is a sweetly solemn thought that the people who have started a crusade against pie are not making much headway.

There's a lull in the Nicaraguan revolution. Probably waiting for the man who was hurt in the last battle to recover.

When you find two women talking over the backyard fence the chances are ten to one they are not discussing the weather.

Kansas hens are earning $1.87 a month net for their owners. Hens that can do that are entitled to a Saturday half holiday.

The death of one man is credited to sauerkraut. He may or he may not have died happy. That is another question of taste.

Before the millennium breaks any speed laws getting here, it will be necessary for all reformers to think alike and act in harmony.

"Man can do anything he wants to do," says Lady Cook. But Dr. Cook is of the opinion that he will have to prove that he did it.

English suffragettes have abandoned hatchets and hatpins and are now using corrosive acid. Later they may get around to gatling guns.

Inasmuch as all the voters of the country have learned to vote the Australian ballot, it will be surprising if some statesman doesn't suggest changing it.

The milkman of the present day is always in a hurry, because of the many babies on his route. Apparently there are not many old-fashioned mothers left.

One man has been mistaken for a rabbit and shot. While all hunters should use great care, on the other hand a man has no business looking like a rabbit.

Ferrer, it is said, disowned and disinherited his daughters and left all his money to an anarchist associate and a woman friend. Can this be the man for whom so many people wept?

"Is the college girl a mollycoddle?" the New York World asks. That's a question for some other fellow to answer. Jumping in where angels fear to tread is not a pleasant pastime.

Mrs. E. H. Harriman has opened offices in New York and will go ahead with her late husband's business. It is not likely she will find much time to devote to the woman suffrage movement.

A Cincinnati man lived to be 81 years old without marrying, because he thought women were too good for him. Who will start a fund with which to build a monument to the memory of this extraordinary man?

Dr. Woodrow Wilson is a fine optimist. He can look through the hole in the doughnut and get a magnificent view of green fields and fat pastures for the Democratic party.

Down in South Carolina people are discussing the question whether it is better to marry a stenographer or a trained nurse. If a long distance view is permissible, we would like to suggest that it is simply a matter of taste.

THROUGH WITH JOHNSON.

Tom L. Johnson's fifth trip to the well was the fatal one. The city of Cleveland is through with him. The city will have no more of him, and his announcement that he will be a candidate for the mayoralty two years hence may be set down as sheer bluff. Johnson is a shrewd reader of political weather, and there is every chance that never again will he test the edge of popular favor. The downfall of Tom Johnson has had few parallels in point of swiftness. His whole fight for seven years was to achieve just one victory, gain one summit. This was to acquire possession of the street railway system. It came to him in the spring following his election two years ago. From that moment Johnson started down hill. He had fed the city upon visions. He had weaved it promises of inviting colors. But his visions were visions—nothing else. His promises were mere buncombe. It was only a matter of weeks before Cleveland had become utterly disgusted. At the first opportunity—a referendum election, the voters repudiated him. He insisted that it was all a mistake. When he thought he had won back his ancient standing, he tried the city's temper a second time. Once more the Johnson nostrums were pushed aside. The mayor had sufficient influence left to gain the nomination. Yesterday the citizens whom he had swung and swayed with the turn of his hand for more than seven years handed him his hat. He is gone. Perhaps for all time.

WEST CANADA AND THE LAKES.

The traffic supplied by Canadian sources upon the upper lakes, is almost negligible as compared with the total tonnage of freight carried upon these waterways. A person searches the monthly government reports of inland commerce in vain for traces of such business which has its origin in the Dominion.

It cannot be long, however, until Canadian traffic will play a bigger part in the shipping upon the lakes. The great northwest is opening up at a tremendous rate. New ground is broken by the square mile every day. Settlers are pouring in and the Dominion is busy seeking hundreds of more settlers. The soil is giving of its riches. It is causing towns to spring up and cities to form from the towns—and with them come problems, the greatest among which is the carriage of products to the markets.

The contrast between the costs of rail and water shipments is nowhere else better shown than upon the great lakes. The water rate for wheat from Duluth to Buffalo was 1.8 cents, two seasons ago. There is probably little, if any, change since. And yet, from Buffalo to New York, by rail, the rate was from 5 to 5½ cents. The price by water, from Duluth to Montreal, has been about 4½ cents for several years. Thus, it costs less to send wheat from the head of the lakes to a point where it can be transferred to ocean-going vessels than across the state of New York.

Northwest Canada will take advantage of the cheaper transportation. Through Canadian traffic will surely be developed in large quantities before many years.

RATES FOR MURDER.

A member of the "Kid Twist" gang in New York, one who had been so indiscreet as to let the other fellow fire first, has quoted the prevailing prices for "services" called for on the East Side.

Kicks and ordinary punching, $5.

For punching, with trimmings of razor cuts or blows with blackjacks, $15.

For beating with brass knuckles, $50.

For ordinary stabbing, $75.

For murdering ordinary person, $100.

For murdering a rival political leader, $500.

For swearing in court so as to railroad a rival politician to prison, $1,000.

The high fee for false swearing as compared with that for murder is due to the chances run. A thug might knife a man and get away with it fairly easily, but in court he might be recognized as an old offender and be arrested on the spot.

The story sounds ridiculous. The ruffian may have been "stringing" a young reporter. Yet in a city where politicians wax wealthy by robbing the city, where the police are paid for protecting criminals and many seemingly respectable citizens profit through the white-slave traffic it is not impossible that murder is reduced to a business, a regular set of prices fixed for razor-cuts, blackjack blows and punchings with brass knuckles.

CONCERNING WATERWAYS

The President's trip down the Mississippi, the speeches made in support of the inland waterways policy and the threat of the Lakes-to-the-Gulf Deep Waterway convention to send 500 lobbyists to Washington have focused the attention of the country upon this great national subject. It is plain that the old haphazard voting of money for rivers and harbors must be discarded. It ought to be just as plain that nothing should be undertaken simply because one section of the country favors a certain plan, or that the halls of the capitol are jammed with stampeders.

Secretary Dickinson, speaking of the lakes to the gulf waterway, said:

> It so vitally affects the fortunes of so large a territory that no immature plan, nor one that will not be acquiesced in by the country, should have your advocacy.

Two hundred and eight millions of dollars have so far been spent by the government upon improving the rivers in the Mississippi valley. A tremendous sum would be needed to deepen the river to the 14 feet called for by the plan so loudly voiced. A large annual appropriation would be needed to keep the channel open. The majority of the board of engineers, authorized by congress to study the plan, has reported against it. The waterway may yet be dug, for all that, but under no circumstances should work be begun unless there was some certainty that the commerce developed would be commensurate with such extreme costs. It is all but a truism that river traffic, to be paying, must originate and end upon the water. Transfer to rail might eat up savings. Terminal charges might more than cover the differences between low water rates and high rail rates.

The speech made at St. Louis by Mr. Taft in condemnation of the "pork barrel" strikes a popular chord. The dispatches stated that Joseph G. Cannon was not so well pleased. It might be well to inquire why. The river and harbor appropriations and those for public buildings are brought up at the close of every session. Upon the strength of government money gained for his district a congressman very often makes his campaign. If he has failed to get any he is decidedly handicapped, particularly if the congressman in the neighboring district has been more fortunate. A member who has not been "good" is punished by being deprived of a share in the barrel. The "big men" always get something and usually more than the lesser lights. It is not that there is no need for such expenditures wherein the abuse lies, but that along with the worthy appropriations go almost an equal amount that is sheer waste of money. In 1875 about five and a quarter millions was voted to improve rivers and harbors. The annual expenditures have since increased until they have amounted to $13,500,813 in 1908 and for 1909 and 1910 the sums of $18,032,945 and $29,190,264 were voted respectively.

It has been estimated by competent engineers that if one-half of the wasted money since 1875 had been spent upon the great lakes, which have more traffic than all the coastwise trade of America, the harbors, channels and canals of the chain would be in perfect condition. While the river and harbor part of the "pork barrel" has represented money found for some sections of the country it has meant obstruction and embarrassed commerce for other sections.

Waterway projects will be carried through. The nation is determined to give inland commerce the boost that only waterways can assure. The opposition raised has not been to the broad principle itself. It has merely questioned the expediency of individual projects which have been advocated more in enthusiasm than in conviction of feasibility.

THE HOOKWORM.

At the Pan-American sanitary congress, in the wniter of 1902, a physician made the statement that the extreme laziness long noted among the "poor whites" of the south was due, not to innate shiftlessness, but to a disease. The people were sick, not naturally indolent. He ascribed the cause of the disease to the hookworm, a creature which feeds upon human victims, and can be seen with the naked eye.

Within a few days the press of the country was joking about the discovery of the "lazy germ." But now everyone knows that it is no joke. It is the great menace of the south. It is estimated that more than 2,000,000 of men, women and children on the Atlantic seaboard are reduced to aenemics, stunted bodily and mentally, made a despised class of "clay-eaters," because of the hookworm. Marion Hamilton Carter, writing of this "vampire of the south," in McClure's a month or two ago, describes an infected family:

> A little imbecile child • • • whispered to me proudly, "I have spells," smiling happily at the distinction "spells" conferred; the other children move about the cabin like octogenarians, • • • No wonder the mother was "disencouraged" as she looked at the colorless faces of her own loved ones. But what grew on me most was the joylessness of the children. They played, if they played at all, like little old world-weary men and women; they never romped and leaped and ran like children in the north.

The medical treatment is said to be a simple one, costing not to exceed 75 cents per individual. But the hookworm must be eradicated entire. This is the huge task which may swallow up the gift of $1,000,000 made by John D. Rockefeller as a lake swallows a brook. For the "poor whites" have no conception of sanitation. They have lived isolated from the moving world and the other whites have held them in contempt. Until they learn the simple rules of living the disease can be no more than checked.

A BACK-TO-THE-SOIL LAW.

So grave in England has been the movement to the cities and, as a consequence, the gobbling up of the greater part of the acreage by the wealthy classes that the government passed an act last year intended to turn the tide backward.

After twelve months' working it is shown that the law has caused the purchase of more than 20,000 acres and the lease of about 10,000 more, providing farms for about 1,500 families. Far more applications were received than could be taken care of. A not very encouraging sign is that only a small per centage of those thus placed upon the land have any desire to become owners. Most are content to pay rent, a spirit of dependence which, it was hoped, could be effectually destroyed through the state aid given.

Three-fourths of all the land in the United Kingdom, it is estimated, belongs to members of the house of lords. Immense tracts are set aside as hunting preserves which should rightly be made to yield their riches—and provide livings for a large population. Because of these conditions, the industrial depression has been attended by the most alarming pauperism ever known in Europe.

HAPPY UNDER TAMMANY.

The election of Judge Gaynor for mayor of New York was all but conceded from the beginning of the campaign. The opposition was divided. There was need for concentration if the Democratic candidate was to be defeated. Furthermore, there has been evidence since the eclipse of Seth Low that New York is happiest under the rule of Tammany, and though the tiger looted its treasure and squeezed tribute from even the very beggar upon the street corner, the city was contented. To knife every other candidate on the Tammany ticket, except Judge Gaynor, looks irrational, but it was possibly done to square matters with the conscience.

Ex-Sultan Abdul Hamid has lost one of his wives. Time was when he always knew where to get another, but things have changed, and he will have to console himself with those that are left.

EACH STATE ITS OWN LAW.

The Democratic opponents of federal concentration ought to find much to delight them in the latest report of the commissioner of education. In no other direction is the free agency of the states shown more than in the attention given the public schools.

The average yearly expenditure per pupil throughout the country is $28.25 yearly, running from $6.37 in South Carolina, to $72.15 in Nevada. New York, next to Nevada, spends more per pupil than any other state, making an appropriation of $51.50 per pupil. Montana allows $49.40, and California $49.29. West Virginia leads the south with a yearly expenditure of $20.36, and yet is under the average of one-third of the states, which spend from $25 to $40 a pupil.

That one-fourth of the states spend more than $35 upon each child and one-fourth less than $15, should be evidence that, in this field, at least, each commonwealth does very much as it pleases. The commissioner of education may make recommendations, but none is compelled to pay any attention to him whatever. His duty is principally that of compiling figures. All of which should be balm to those who have been worrying about the loss of state rights.

THE RUMOR.

Two years ago the workers in the morning newspaper offices in Ohio were thrown into excitement by such another report as last week's—that Theodore Roosevelt had been killed. The story lacked the ordinary earmarks of the typical rumor, it is said, having been witheld for governmental reasons, later to be explained. When investigation was made the rumor was shadowed as far as Chicago Junction—of all places!—and there the trail was lost.

Armies in camp learned to judge the rumor by the size of it. If it is a big one there is no use paying any attention to it; if small, the thing to do is to send out spies and scouts. In politics the rumor is related to the roorback, being generally foolish and showing a low order of mentality. An important part of the stock in trade of the broker is a collection of more or less robust rumors. They are delivered by private wires direct to the customer and do little damage because of leakage in transit.

Where does it come from, this baseless buzz and chatter of mankind? One might as well try to trace the meteor to its home port in the infinite shining heavens as seek the origin of the wild and staring rumor.

CANNON'S "DEFENSE."

Joseph G. Cannon is now engaged in the attempt to set himself right with the people, employing those means which to him seem best. He offers no explanations of his course, no apologies. Instead, he denounces all Republicans who are opposed to him and what he represents as traitors, cowards, fools. "If these men are Republicans," he says, "then I am not." His audiences are expected to take it for granted that the insurgents are thereby read out of the party.

The unfitness of Joseph Cannon is made no more manifest than in the spirit of the speeches he delivers. The man is on the defense, but he takes the high ground that he is the trial judge. He is supposed to produce an excuse for his political existence. He furnishes with every tirade excellent argument against himself. He believes he is renewing his old friendships, drawing to his camp his former admirers, clinching his position as overlord. If the dispatches from the scene of his mighty arm-swinging and deafening invective give a clue to the impression made, Cannon has obtained nothing he seeks, secured no sympathizers worth the mentioning. The insurgent movement hasn't suffered.

The Republican congressional committee has announced that every effort will be made to prevent the renomination of the house insurgents. The hot temper of Cannon is shown in this action. If the "outlaws" are again nominated they will be given no aid either with funds or with speakers. They must battle alone. The Washington Post takes occasion to advise the committee:

> It will be recalled that when Buchanan was President the Democrats undertook to discipline those who would not go heart and soul with the administration and majority program in regard to Kansas, and that this "discipline" resulted in putting the Republicans in power in 1860. It gave vitality and vigor to the new party that was vainly endeavoring to unite the disorganized remnants of the old Whigs and Know-Nothings, and furnished it with the essence of cohesion it so badly needed. It is possible the Republicans may learn wisdom by studying this experiment of purging a party of the "disorderly" element.

The man who is a man will fight his best when fighting becomes the most necessary. The insurgents are not likely to submit any of them to the discipline of those who assume they are the party. The fact that Cannon has persuaded the congressional committee to leap to his aid may crystallize a movement which might otherwise die—once Cannonism were eliminated—into a farce permanent and highly dangerous.

DISCOURAGING PHILANTHROPY.

That it is generally conceded it is more blessed to give than receive, may be accepted as a fairly safe proposition; and yet the philanthropist, seeking to benefit mankind, often finds his motives impugned and is dismayed to discover that obstructions have been thrown in his way.

John D. Rockefeller, evidently with the best of intentions, has set apart the sum of $1,000,000 to be used in a fight against the hookworm, a parasite which has long preyed upon the vitals of the poor white man of the south, rendering him lazy, or lethargic, to be more polite. There is no way of immediately ascertaining the emotions of these poor whites. Are they ready to welcome the man who is trying to succor them, or do they prefer to continue sitting in the shade, using what energy they possess in an endeavor to follow the shadows as they swing around every 24 hours, in obedience to the sun? However they may feel about it, there comes a man who assumes to speak for them.

Bishop Warren Chandler, of the Southern Methodist church, has denounced the oil magnate's action as an **insult to the people of the southern** section. He says: "It is to be hoped that our people will not be taken in by Mr. Rockefeller's vermifuge fund and hookworm commission." The bishop questions, if he does not assail, the millionaire's motives, and cries out this warning: "Mr. Rockefeller would take charge of both our heads and our stomachs and purge our brains of ignorance and our bowels of worms.'

It is not possible to conceive what effect this burst of anger will have on the philanthropist. Possibly he may question the right of the good bishop to speak for the people whom he aims to benefit, and will go ahead issuing checks to the order of the hookworm army. This would seem to be the sensible view for him to take, mindful that the average man, no matter how sick he may be, does not like to take his medicine.

IN THE SERVICE OF SCIENCE.

It is the function of invention to wait upon discovery and apply it to the serious concerns of life. The journey from the laboratory is sometimes long and tortuous. The observations of a modest scientist of a generation ago may be in an unexpected hour of the most practical utility, and again, as in the case of the Roentgen rays, may become at once the servant of humanity.

It is not often that the obligation is the other way about. But a correspondent cites an instance that should both be interesting and illuminating as showing how run the minds of men whom the street glimpses but seldom. Jean Commandon, a young investigator in Paris, has devised an apparatus by which the earthly career of a microbe is photographed upon a cinematographic film. Thirty-two exposures are made in a second's time. At a demonstration before a meeting of savants, the tripanosmes, the organisms which cause the sleeping sickness, were shown as large as eels. They were seen rushing about in a drop of blood, twisting and turning around the red corpuscles, coming into being, living their brief existence, performing those duties which the laws of nature direct and—before the film had reached its end—dying and fading into dust.

The inventor and the researcher have gradually ceased to hold each other in contempt. The one is the complement of the other. Even he who lists the double-stars must learn from the plumber, and further profit is still to come to the navigator from the astronomical observatories.

A CRISIS IN ENGLAND.

In the last week of this month the British house of lords will meet to consider what it is to do with the budget prepared by Mr. Lloyd George and handed to it by the house of commons with a high seasoning of grim rudeness. The situation is described in England as a constitutional crisis. It contains elements which the words do not indicate. For upon the acceptance or rejection of the budget possibly rests the very existence of the upper chamber, as now constituted.

For 300 years the house of lords has accepted the budget as it came from the commons without amending it. No budget was ever rejected in its entirety. If the lords break over all tradition, defy that indefinite instrument called the English constitution, a general election will be precipitated. If the present government is supported by the country at such an election, measures will undoubtedly be taken for forming the upper house along new lines. From the mass of predictions that are made about the possibilities, it is impossible, at this distance, to select any which might not be miles from the facts. It is sufficient to say that the lords are made to play with their fate. Immense pressure is brought upon them to reject the budget. At the same time they are confronted with the uncertainties of what the country might do in the circumstances and what might happen if the Liberals return to parliament determined upon revenge.

The Lloyd George taxes which are causing this tremendous ruction are thus epitomized by Sidney Brooks, in Harper's Weekly:

> The rate on earned incomes above $10,000, and on all unearned income, is to be raised from five to six cents on the dollar; while in the case of incomes above $25,000 there will be a super-tax of 2½ cents on the dollar on such portion of the income as exceeds $15,000. Secondly, Mr. Lloyd George establishes a scale of license duties, which, for the first time, will make the liquor trade pay in proportion to the real value of the monopoly granted to it by the state. Thirdly he raises the death duties. In future, an estate of over $25,000 will pay four per cent; of over $50,000 five per cent; of over $100,000 six per cent. Fourthly, Mr. Lloyd George imposes an extra 94 cents per gallon on spirits and an extra 16 cents per pound on unmanufactured tobacco. Fifthly, he increases the settlement, legacy and succession duties. Sixthly, he hopes to raise over $3,000,000 by adding to the stamp duties on transfer or sale of property, or bonds to bearer and on transactions in shares. Seventhly, he taxes motor cars at rates varying from $10.50 on a car under six horse-power, to $800 on cars above 60 horse-power, and imposes a duty of six cants a gallon on gasoline. The proceeds of these two taxes, however, are to be devoted under national authority, to repairing, extending and improving the road system of the country. Eighthly, Mr. Lloyd George reduces by $15,000,000 a year the fixed sum set apart for meeting the interest on the national debt. Ninthly, he claps a tax of 20 per cent on the unearned increment of land, a tax of one-fifth of a cent on the dollar on the capital value of undeveloped land and a tax of 10 per cent revision duty on any benefit accruing to a lessor on the termination of a lease.

The interest of the brewers, as powerful as it is with the house of lords, would be ignored. The inheritance taxes would be endorsed and the stamp duties. It is the new form of land taxes which strike at the heart of the peers. They pronounce them "confiscatory," "revolutionary" and "socialistic," terms we are all familiar with in this country. In the prospect, however, the nobles see a movement for the nationalization of the land, the breaking up of the immense estates by reason of which the ownership of three-fourths of the soil of the United Kingdom is in the possession of the members of the house of lords, the cessation of the pauperism, because of which large numbers of the rich are rich, and the extinction of those families which, since the year 1689, have been called the "governing class.",

The husband of the woman who, according to the suffragists, is to be elected president of the United States a few years hence, will have a fine time. He'll have nothing to do but **look after the White House chores.**

BUSBY WEATHER.

Once more let us humbly acknowledge our indebtedness to prophetic wisdom. John C. Busby, of Independence, Iowa, a man who cuddles close to nature, an ever faithful student of simplicity, sends in another consignment of weather. He warns the people of Ohio and the middle west to prepare for a severe winter.

And let it be recorded that Busby never jumps at conclusions; he doesn't issue storm warnings without reason. When Busby says blizzards, we cannot expect sunshine and salubrity, But as to his November prediction. He tells us in the gentle words of a simple chronicler that the songbirds left for the southland early this year; that there was a large crop of hickory nuts, and that the squirrels and the chipmunks are laying away greater quantities than usual; the cornhusks are tight on the ear; the screechowl has vanished; the potato beetle has gone below the frostline; the groundhog has taken up his winter quarters, and Venus swings far away to the southwest. All these portend a severe winter. But there is another sign which, in the mind of the Independence prophet and astronomer, is infallible. It is the goosebone. Busby won't lie, and the goosebone can't.

Here our prophet has exhibited himself at his best. He has taken into account all prevailing signs. In other words he has bunched his hits and played the game with confidence in the ultimate inning. The simplicity of his faith should be an inspiration to all susceptible souls. Busby says this is the Venus period, and we are warned to look out for a stormy November on land and at sea. There is nothing to do but prepare for the worst. We may yearn for azure heavens, sunkissed days and the soothing effulgence of tranquil moonlight, but our heart's desire must remain unrequited. Busby speaks by authority of Nature, whose book is open before him. Scintillating Venus, the provident chipmunk and the unequivocating goosebone leave us without hope.

THE PRESIDENT IN THE SOUTH.

President Taft, in his speech at Birmingham, said that his visit to the south was without political significance. The south will not take it so. It is in the mood when every word of the executive is significant. His speeches are analyzed, his movements studied, his very gestures commented upon. The south, despite all of Mr. Taft's protests, insists that the last lap of the long journey is nothing else except a case of flirtation.

All of which may be interpreted as a readiness to be converted, or, at least, a willingness to listen to the siren voice. The vote of last fall indicated more plainly than any other since the reconstruction days that the sectional feeling is breaking up. The south seeks material blessings. It wants factories and settlers, and capital and a share in the progressive movements of the north and west. At last it is weary of thinking in the past. Stubborn adherence to wornout convictions no longer elevates the southerner. It no longer carries the fascinating element of chivalry. It was the south that kept up the duty on lumber. Because of the south the duty on sugar was hardly touched. It was not personal viewss which influenced Senator Bailey to ennunciate a new policy of the Democratic party, but the great state of Texas.

It can hardly be said that Mr. Taft is winning the south now, but there are signs that the south is exceedingly anxious to be won.

President Taft makes a good state fair attraction. He can smile like a candidate.

That West Virgina lynching was indefinitely postponed on account of the governor's backbone.

Election Results, Tuesday, Nov. 2

Toledo—Brand Whitlock (Independent) elected mayor over David T. Davies (Rep.) by a plurality of 5,000.

New York—Ex-Justice Gaynor (Tammany) elected mayor. His lead over Bannard, (Rep. Fusion) is practically 75,000. W. R. Hearst trails along with 25,000 less than Bannard. Republican-Fusion elected Charles S. Whitman to succeed Jerome as district attorney. Rest of ticket won by fusionists. Result gives powerful board of estimate into hands of Anti-Tammanyites.

Pennsylvania—State Republican ticket, headed by state treasurer, wins by 150,000 estimated plurality.

Philadelphia—Reform ticket defeated. S. P. Rotan (Rep.) re-elected over D. C. Gibboney for district attorney. Estimated plurality, 45,000. Rest of city Republican.

San Francisco—Reform defeated. Indications are that McCarthy, union labor has won for mayor. F. J. Heney beaten for district attorney by Charles M. Fickert, who was backed by Republicans and union labor.

Cleveland—Mayor Tom Johnson defeated for re-election by Herman Baehr (Rep.). Estimated plurality 4,500 to 6,000.

Cincinnati—Dr. Louis Schwab (Rep.) elected mayor by 10,000 plurality.

Indianapolis—S. L. Shank (Rep.) won over Charles A. Gauss (Dem.) by 1,468 plurality. Republicans had claimed Democrats were aided by liquor interests.

Indiana (Cities and Towns)—Mixed results between parties. Terre Haute, Evansville, Muncie and Lafayette wet; Kokomo, dry; South Bend for regulation.

Massachusetts—Republicans re-elected Gov. Draper by a plurality of 8,000. One year ago Draper received a plurality of over 60,000. Fight was made by Democrats along tariff reform lines, and the shrinkage of over 50,000 is attributed to dissatisfaction with the tariff.

Virginia—Democrats elected state ticket headed by William H. Mann by 23,000 majority.

Maryland—Disfranchisement amendment, which would have deprived 50,000 negroes of vote, was defeated. Democrats win state ticket and legislature, insuring Rayner's return to senate. Majorities, however, are reduced.

Rhode Island—Gov. Pothier (Rep.) re-elected over Olney Arnold (Dem.) **by substantial majority.**

SUNDAY SCHOOL

A CONQUEROR IN CHAINS

International Sunday School Lesson for November 14 is "Paul a Prisoner in Rome." Acts 28:11-31.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

There is always a way out. No human soul is ever utterly hemmed in by troubles. Deliverance is God's program for his distraught friends. He is pledged to make a way of escape. Sometimes the way to Rome—or any other goal—is devious and beset by difficulties. It may lead through Jerusalem mobs, corrupt Caesarean courts, shipwrecks on the Mediterranean and three months on Malta. The journey may be personally conducted by the military power of imperial Rome; and a chain may link the traveler to a soldier of the legion. But the arrival at Rome is certain. The goal is sure.

A terrific Northeastern had landed Paul and the other two hundred and seventy-five members of the ship's company on Malta's shores. What a storm that was! How helpless was the arm of all-conquering Rome when Jehovah opened his fist and let loose his winds! It must have seemed to the sailors as if all the other winds of heaven had gone out of business for themselves, and had been merged into the deadly Northeaster. Their personal experience had made them pessimists, even as some people think that the whole world is encircled only by the Northeast winds of trouble. But the gentle South winds arose in due season, to bear the shipwrecked sailors away from the island where they had spent three months. There is always a South wind. While the Northeast winds are howling most fiercely, it is well to remember that God's good South wind is on the way. "There's a gude time coming." Here was the optimistic Paul's interpretation of his experience, as he wrote to his friends in Philippi. "Now I would have you know, brethren, that the things which happened unto me have fallen out rather unto the progress of the Gospel." That's another way of expressing this lesson's deepest life-message: "All things work together for good of them that love God."

Over Storied Waters.

Let us stand at the prow of the "Twin Brothers," above the images of Castor and Pollux, and perhaps with the little missionary, whose slight frame makes us think he is all soul, standing beside us, sheltered from the Mediterranean winds by a cloak given him by a grateful Maltese, we shall see much to stir our imagination. Over sapphire seas, sparkling in the sunlight, with the salt air blowing in our faces, we come to Syracuse. Here we have three days to traverse the historic city, with its memories of Demosthenes, in whom our orator-companion Paul is especially interested.

A short journey away, reached, however, only after good seamanship, we come to the city of Rhegium, at the entrance to the storied strait where Scylla and Charybdis lie in wait for the unwary ship. Paul had his own thoughts of the famous events connected with this region, but could not know that twenty centuries later a world-civilization unsuspected by him would be anguished by the overthrow by earthquake of this same Rhegium, afterward to be called Reggio, and of the city of Messina, across the narrow neck of water. A day in Rhegium, and then we attempt the hazardous journey through the strait. As we pass successfully, we see in imagination many famous wrecks along the rocks.

Toward the beautiful blue of the Bay of Naples (although Paul knew it as the Bay of Puteoli) the "Twin Brothers" drew a steady course. Vesuvius waved his sulphurous plume above the horizon, beautiful but ominous. Here we see Pompeii, in all its Roman luxuriousness, idling away in voluptuous wickedness the beautiful days, unwarned of the disaster which was to overtake it within ten years, burying beneath the ashes of Vesuvius the record of its life that should lie hidden for seventeen centuries. Even Luke's statement of the presence of Christians in the vicinity is confirmed by inscriptions dug up here. Seven days of sweet fellowship with the disciples at Putcoli were spent by Paul before proceeding to Rome by land.

The Legion Without Uniforms.

The present-day traveler along the Appian Way will have his imagination tremendously stirred. Everywhere are relics of a glorious past. Centuries long dead rise up to whisper in his ear their romantic messages. With the eye of his quickened mind he will see the ancient highway once more filled with swinging Roman legions. Here they come, bronzed with many suns, with the confident stride of victors, from conquests over the whole known world. Triumphal processions, too, with chained captives at the conquerors' cars furnishing the contrast to the splendor of the legions, come rolling along amidst the huzzas of the holiday-making populace. Ah, what a pageant is this which the very name "Appian Way" conjures up!

Chiefly, though, your present-day traveler will muse upon the greatest leader that ever traversed this famous road—and he wore a chain. I found myself saying, as myriads of others have done, "This ruin was a building when Paul passed here. The apostle saw this monument just as I see it today." So the imagination runs to a vision of the little company of Christians that journeyed from the city out to the market of Appius, and to the Three Taverns, to welcome the great teacher, who was coming to them a prisoner. Then we see those other legions of Christians, wearing no armor save of the spirit, whose tread grows louder on the road to Rome, as the tramp of the legions grows fainter. Paul saw the vanguard of this army of conquest, and he "thanked God and took courage."

Rome at Last.

Rome was a long time in being attained, but at last Paul found it, and his heart's desire. He had a peculiar ambition to see Rome, and a joy in its prison. He seems to roll the word under his tongue, as it were, "Paul, a prisoner of Jesus Christ." He wears it as a nobleman wears a royal decoration. He comes near to boasting over it. Whether he ever appeared before Caesar or not we do not know; that matters little; the more imperial honor, to Paul's way of thinking, was that he was "the prisoner of Christ Jesus."

Great days were those in jail, even though his jail was his own hired house. True, a soldier was ever chained to his wrist; but that was God's way of bringing the whole world to Paul's side. Each new soldier was a new opportunity. Doubtless he won most of them for his Master, and tradition says that it was one of these that first carried the Gospel to Britain. Assuredly by that route the Good News found its way into the Praetorian Guard. There were the sweet confidences with fellow Christians, the arguments with the Jews, and the outbreak through the written word. It was in his Roman jail at this time that Paul wrote four of his letters—to Philemon, Ephesians, Colossians and Philippians.

A Prisoner-Preacher.

A first qualification for any great and enduring service of the world is a keen sense of justice. Paul was a protagonist of Christianity, but he was first of all a champion of the truth. He cared more for honor and right than for any cause. Many representatives of organized interests look out for these first, even though justice be sacrificed. There is a tonic value in a study of Paul's course as a witness to the truth. Note third his interviews with the Jews in his hired house in Rome.

The last record we have of this dauntless soul portrays him "teaching the things concerning the Lord Jesus Christ with all boldness." He seems to have had a solicitude less aught should interfere with his "free utterance;" he entreated his friends at Ephesus to pray that he might speak boldly to the end. That prayer was granted. We know that, although the Book of Acts ends here, Paul was delivered out of the mouth of the lion for this time; that he resumed his missionary labors, and that in a fresh outbreak against the Christians under Nero he was imprisoned again, and suffered martydom. The dungeon in which he was confined is shown to this day. His own thought, as the end drew near, is recorded in his last writing, the second letter to his young friend Timothy. "For I am already being poured out as a drink offering, and the time of my departure is come. I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith."

Carpets Made of Paper.

London Globe.

In Halmstad, Sweden, Pontas Holmstrom is about to start a spinning mill for making yarn out of paper. Such mills already exist in Germany and France. So far the manufacture of rugs and carpets seems to be the best practical use of this new paper yarn. It is said that people in Sweden, especially in the provinces of Ostergotland, are already making carpets with paper weft. Narrow rolls of **paper tape are used, but this, of course, is not new.**

Varieties

Bombs first came into use in 1634.

Florida is the center of the turpentine industry.

One ton of apples will usually yield 150 gallons of cider.

Natives of the Upper Congo eat certain kinds of caterpillars.

The use of barges in the coastwise trade is increasing enormously.

Nitrogen iodide is so sensitive that the touch of a fly's foot would explode it.

As a rule two productive acres of land are required for each inhabitant of a country.

Last year more than 23,000 children were taught to swim at the London public schools.

Farming in some parts of Nigeria has been rendered unprofitable by the raids of baboons.

The first books had pages printed on one side only, the sheets being pasted back to back.

The project of the Cape Cod canal, now under construction, antedates the revolutionary war.

A Chinese rescued from drowning is compelled to support his rescuer for the rest of his life.

Although the steamship is a century old there are still more than 24,000 sailing vessels on the high seas.

The distribution of hot springs in the United States coincides very closely with that of the mountain uplifts.

Barth college, England, which was founded in 1877, is to be closed on Christmas and the company wound up.

During the first seven months of the year over 70,000 people left the United Kingdom for British North America.

The installation of a wireless telegraph apparatus is illegal in England without the consent of the postoffice department.

The first process of making soda on an extensive scale was discovered by Nicholas Leblanc, a French chemist, in 1791.

Cotton plants require little care in Honduras. They produce cotton in luxuriant abundance during nine months of the year.

There is one mill in Minneapolis which turns out between 17,000 and 18,000 barrels of flour each day.

To encourage saving among the people, the Spanish government has established a postal savings bank under guaranty of the state.

Great Britain's foreign trade in nine months of the present year has increased 4½ per cent. Imports have risen $7,200,000 and exports $5,899,000.

The new terminal station of the Pennsylvania railroad in New York has 16 miles of tracks, including 21 standing stations.

An eight-track swing bridge over the main channel of the Chicago drainage canal near Thirty-first street, will be operated by electricity.

There are three women among the nominees for the next Norwegian parliament. One was chosen by the Liberals and two by the Socialists.

More than 10,000 school children in Chicago are forced, by reason of inadequate seating accommodations, to curtail their attendance to a half day session.

Glass water pipes covered with asphalt have been in use for a long time in some parts of Germany with success. They give thorough protection against the entrance of gases and acids.

Somebody has invented a combination electric lamp and shaving mirror which the reflector can be arranged to throw light only on the face below the eyes, no light falling upon the mirror or the eyes.

Senator Gore, of Oklahoma, although blind, was an interested spectator of the flights of the Wright brothers at Washington. He complained that he was unable to watch the flights as successfully as a game of ball.

Official statistics for the first nine months of 1909 show a continued decline in the population of France. The marriages decreased 20,000 as compared with 1908, divorces increased by 5,000, births decreased 12,692 and deaths increased by 25,019.

Britain's Antarctic expedition now in the course of preparation will carry wireless telepraphic equipment sufficient to enable messages to be sent to New Zealand from the ship and from stations established at bases of supplies on land or ice.

Theatres in London and all over England are complaining of small receipts and lay the trouble to the moving picture shows, which are very popular and range from a black lined tent to the theatre in Piccadilly where there are music and tea.

Boston university, according to its new year book, has an attendance of 1,514 in all its departments. Of these 962 are men and 552 are women. The chief increases are in the College of Liberal Arts, the courses for teachers and the School of Theology.

Dorando Pietri, better known as Dorando, has just been married in Capri to his old sweetheart, Teresa Dandi. The young couple will live in a villa which Dorando has built with the money earned in America. He is said to have made a small fortune.

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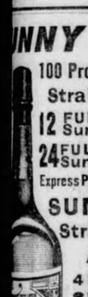

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AN LEAVES BIG FORTUNE

m of Automobile Accident Was Worth $1,300,000.

shington, Nov. 4.—The estate left rs. Gertrude M. Hubbard, who d $50,000 to the Clarke institute ef at Northampton, Mass., is d at $1,300,000, by the petition filed for the probate of the will. Her ate holdings in Washington are $275,000; her property in Brook- Mass., is valued at $200,000, and state in Cambridge, Mass., at Her personal estate comprises of $42,700; stocks estimated to $680,000; household furniture Jewelry, $5,000; cash in bank,

Hubbard, who was the widow of G. Hubbard, was killed re- in an automobile accident here.

COOK PREPARES HIS DATA

York, Nov. 4.—Dr. Frederick A. who is here after a lecture tour west, began today to assemble ata of his polar exploration, he intends to submit to the Uni- of Copenhagen. Dr. Cook said ld devote his entire time to the tion of his report until it was ted and forwarded, as he had ed. He hoped to get it ready a week, he said, and in the time he did not wish to enter discussion of any collateral top- regard to the North Pole con- y or his proposed trip to the of Mount McKinley.

egard to the resolution adopted ay by thet National Geographic y, referring the question of pri- at the pole to a committee for gation, Dr. Cook declined to say g at this time. He would take atter up, he said, when it had brought to his attention officially.

OBACCO CROP IS BURNED

e-Riders Destroy Entire Pro- ct of Nicholasville Farmer.

holasville, Ky., Nov. 5.—Night are accused of burning the to- barn of Thomas Stafford, six from this city, at an early hour Stafford's entire crop, consist- the product of 26 acres, was yed. He had refused to join the y pool and the tobacco was un- The loss is about $7,000.

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SECRET TREATY IN VIEW

That Is How Diplomats Take His Speech to Japanese.

Washington, Nov. 5.—The speech delivered by Secretary of State Knox at the complimentary dinner to the honorary Japanese commissioners is the talk of diplomatic circles. Coming on the top of the war talk which has broken out at intervals since the Japanese commissioners arrived in this country, the speech is generally looked upon as a diplomatic utterance which will attract the attention of the powers of the world.

While no hint at an alliance for offense and defense was contained in the speech, the cautious allusion in Secretary Knox's peroration to a friendly understanding which would compel concord among the nations cannot fail to be interpreted by those powers antagonistic to a condition of closer relations between the United States and Japan, as an overt suggestion for a warlike as well as a peaceful conjunction.

Sentiments of Administration.

Such a power is Russia, and in view of Secretary Knox's tactful allusion to Marquis Ito, in view of the disputatious claims of the continental press that Ito was sent on a mission which would operate to curtail the extension of the "open door" in the Orient, the sentiments with which the Russian embassy received the secretary's speech became a matter of intense interest. At the embassy, however, absolute silence was maintained, the speech being naturally not one for diplomats to discuss out of embassy halls.

It is conceded that Secretary Knox's remarks expressed the sentiments of the administration and that Secretary Knox simply voiced opinions entertained by President Taft and which would have been similarly conveyed had the President been in the city during the visit of the Japanese. On the American side, therefore, the declarations made in favor of a strengthening of the ties between the two nations were as official as though conveyed in a formal note, besides possessing the merit of being uttered in such a way and at such a time that no other power can legitimately take offense.

Belief as to Real Purpose.

As for the Japanese side, while the commissioners are not vested with official authority, so far as titular warrant is concerned, it is generally understood, and, indeed, recognized as a fact, that the commissioners are personal representatives of the Mikado, empowered to learn by actual contact with the American people and officials, the true sentiments prevailing in this country regarding Japan, as well as to perform the lesser duty of studying American business and manufacturing methods.

As a matter of truth, it is common sentiment, based upon the brief time that the commissioners have had in each city, that their visitations to the industries of the territory through which they have passed have but formed suitable pretexts to cover the real purpose of their journey to this country—the acquirement of correct knowledge as to the real attitude of the nation, officially, towards the government of Japan.

This knowledge was certainly gained, diplomatic circles here agree, when Secretary Knox, officially greeting the commissioners, expressed not only a feeling of friendship, but went so far as to emphatically declare a desire for a stronger bond between the two nations than now exists.

Treaty Would Not Surprise.

So strong, indeed, were Secretary Knox's plays to this end that it has become current suggestion that it will be no cause for surprise if the senate at the forthcoming short session should have referred to it for ratification or rejection a new treaty between this country and the government of the Mikado, secretly negotiated and having as its main feature great modifications, if not the entire elimination, of the clause restricting oriental immigration.

NO NEED TO WATCH

Prosperity Not Coming, but Already Here.

New York, Nov. 8.—Clarence H. Mackay, president of the Postal Telegraph company, returned to New York yesterday optimistic and enthusiastic over the business outlook in the west.

"The people out there," he said, "are not watching the horizon for a return of prosperity; it already has arrived."

This belief of Mr. Mackay was based, he said, on observations made by him during an 8-000 mile trip of inspection of his company's property.

"Eastern people who do not go west," said Mr. Mackay, "have no comprehension of its growth and developments. San Francisco is a modern marvel of American courage and faith, and Seattle of American energy and skill.

"All the way through the middle west signs were equally gratifying. I was told in Montana and North Dakota that farmers have learned the lesson of modern industrial development through savings achieved by cooperation, and are forming great farming companies. The beneficial character of such agricultural progress cannot be overestimated. It fetches the bone and sinew of the land into harmony with the co-operative spirit which has evolved our great manufacturing concerns and put the United States so far ahead of all other countries that her commercial supremacy is unquestioned."

One of the Chicago hotels is to have a "diamond room," the manager thinking there are plenty of rich Chicago people who will be glad to pay $50 extra for the right to give a dinner in it. The dinner service is to be of gold and the waiters will wear gold-embroidered liveries.

NORTH DAKOTA

New Battleship Is Shown to Excel All of Her Class.

Rockland, Me., Nov. 5.—The battleship North Dakota, having proved herself yesterday to be the swiftest of the big fighting ships of her class in the world, left the harbor at 7:20 a. m. today to begin her four-hours' endurance test.

To meet her contract requirements the North Dakota must average 260 revolutions of her propeller a minute during four hours, which, according to her showing in her screw standardization tests yesterday, will give her an average speed of 21 knots an hour. The Delaware, the sister ship of the North Dakota, on her four hours' endurance test averaged 21.56 knots, and her fastest speed during the run was 21.68, which was maintained for half an hour.

Yesterday the North Dakota reached a speed of 22.25 knots. In attaining this surprising speed, the turbine engines of the North Dakota were forced to the development of more horse power than has been reached by any battleship afloat. A maximum of 35,150 horse power was recorded, while 33,875 horsepower was the mean amount. The maximum number of revolutions of her nickel composition propellers was 286 a minute. It was found that 263 revolutions in this time were sufficient to maintain the contract speed of 21 knots.

Excels the Delaware.

By this performance the North Dakota takes precedence as a general first-class battleship over any other afloat. Her sister ship, the Delaware, which was given her trials over the same course on October 23, was in uncertain possession of this honor by her trial performances, but the figures recorded for the North Dakota today surpass those of any other Dreadnought. There is but one such battleship afloat at the present time whose attainments may exceed those of the North Dakota. This is the Neptune, just launched for the British navy. The Neptune, however, will have to attain figures much in excess of specifications to accomplish this. The Bellerophon, of the British navy, has made but 22.1 knots, as compared with the North Dakota's performance of 22.25.

Comparisons between the trial performances of the North Dakota and Delaware, sister ships, are as follows:

	North Dakota.	Delaware.
Fastest speed	22.25	21.98
Mean speed	21.833	21.44
Best horsepower	35,150	30,000
Mean horsepower	33,875	28,578

It was on the first of her runs over the measured mile course, following several preliminary rounds, that the North Dakota made here record. The tide was in her favor, and this is not subtracted from the best figures. In the recorded mean, or average, however, tidal corrections are made. The five trials over the mile course were recorded as follows: 22.25, 21.486, 22.13, 21.505 and 22.133.

The influence of the tide on the vessel's speed is shown in a comparison of time in succeeding miles.

While the five speed runs were being recorded, the North Dakota was also undergoing a two hours' test for consumption of oil and coal. The Delaware and the North Dakota are the first battleships built for the United States navy to use the oil spraying method. The showing is understood to have been very satisfactory.

H. G. Smith, representing the Fore River Shipbuilding company, builders of the North Dakota, naturally expressed great satisfaction with the battleship's performance. "Especially are we pleased," he said, "at the ease with which the turbines worked and with the great amount of horsepower developed."

In this connection it is interesting to note that the Delaware, which was built by the Newport News Shipbuilding company, is equipped with reciprocating engines. The North Dakota is the first American battleship to have turbine engines installed.

MUSIC HELPS HIM END LIFE

Foreigner in Paris Asks Orchestra to Play Waltz.

Paris, Nov. 6.—A man who is believed to have been either an American or an Englishman, dramatically committed suicide in a Montmart cafe last night. He had asked the orchestra several times to play the waltz, When Love Dies, and as the last strains died away he placed a pistol to his head and shot himself dead.

FAR NORTH EXPLORER DEAD

Pittsburg, Nov. 4.—Theodore McCune, Arctic and African explorer and follower of the sea as captain of a merchant vessel for 35 years, died at a hospital here today following a brief illness.

Sea life tiring and his venturesome spirit not being satisfied with explorations in Africa, McCune, assisted by friends, fitted out an expedition for the far north. He was away two years and did not recover from the hardships endured during the trip for a long time. It was never known just what latitude was reached by the expedition.

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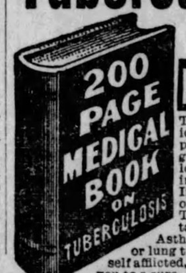

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PRAISES JAP VIRTUES

Secretary Knox Says Americans Have Much to Learn From That Nation.

Washington, Nov. 4.—At a dinner last evening to the honorable commissioners of Japan now touring the United States, Secretary of State Knox forcibly pointed out a state of friendship existing between this country and Japan.

Declaring that the two nations are closely allied in development, trade characteristics and temperament, he asserted that all disputes, however important, should be submitted to arbitration. Such a unity existing, he declared, would insure the concord and prosperity of the whole world.

Throughout his speech Secretary Knox's utterances, coming from the diplomatic head of the nation, were pregnant with significance as to the unity of the two peoples.

Drinks to the Mikado.

Mr. Knox said, in part:

"Gentlemen; I propose the health—most appropriately on this, his birthday, and in this distinguished Japanese company—of his majesty, the Emperor of Japan.

"Baron Shibusawa and Honorable Commissioners: This is an opportunity of which I gladly avail to speak of the ties would have continued to unite our two nations in amity and essential harmony ever since the days when, to American representatives first of all, you opened your doors for the reciprocal exchange of good will and civilization and trade.

"We have learned from you as you from us. We admire you for all of your national gifts and virtues and not the least for the qualities in which you differ from us. For the eminent qualities drawn from a long and glorious past, through which you teach and we must learn. Is it your word bushido that expresses the source and inspiration of much of the strength and nobility of the Japanese temperament? Then let western chivalry, which also looks back to lofty origins, learn what eastern bushido has to teach.

Keen, Friendly Rivalries.

"You already have and will expect keen, yet friendly rivalries which are only the stimulating competitions of the struggle towards excellence going on everywhere at all times. Commerce, exchange, markets, trades extension—these are the fields in which the friendly commercial rivalry now proceeding between the American and Japan peoples finds expression. Each indeed furnishes a wide market for the other and beyond their respective boundaries they engage in this friendly trade competition for the various markets of the world and will continue so to engage.

"It is doubtless true that trade and trade extension are the foundation in practical life of most advances in civilization. But the great modern movements of accord and good understanding between nations are after all the lofty achievements and the crown of all international relations. The controlling principle of these movements is peaceful and beneficial international intercourse and the peaceful settlement by arbitration of differences and controversies extending that principle, by friendly diplomacy, as rapidly as possible to embrace an increasing number and variety of disputes and ultimately by voluntary international compacts, making peaceful settlements of all differences compulsory, or practically so.

Should Maintain Peace.

"I am confident that you will agree that it is altogether in accordance with the honorable and enlightened attitude, both of Japan and the United States, and that it should be the aim of true statesmanship to continue to keep abreast of these beneficent movements in which they have borne so distinguished a part.

"Thus the long and unbroken friendship of the United States and Japan, of which your visit and this occasion are each happy symbols, and the laudable common purpose of Japan and the United States to respect each other's rights and with frankness, patience and good temper to adjust such differences as inevitably arise even between nations of sympathetic and common purposes, will be exemplars which will bear fruit and aid in the gradual realization of the noblest ideals for the unity, concord and prosperity of the world."

IS EPILEPSY CONQUERED?

Philadelphia Physician Has Many Cures to His Credit.

Philadelphia, Nov. 10.—Advices from every direction fully confirm previous reports that the remarkable treatment for epilepsy being administered by the chief consulting physician of the Dr. Kline Institute is achieving wonderful results. Old and stubborn cases have been greatly benefited and many patients claim to have been entirely cured. Persons suffering from epilepsy should write at once to Dr. Kline Institue, Branch 85, Philadelphia, Pa., for a supply of the remedy, which is being distributed gratuitously.

ASTORS ARE PARTED

New York, Nov. 8.—Mrs. John Jacob Astor was today granted an interlocutory decree of divorce by Justice Mills, sitting in the supreme court at New York City, N. Y. All papers in the case were sealed and the proceedings were carefully guarded.

It is understood that counsel in the case made a preliminary arrangement as to the disposition of the two Astor children and the question of alimony. It has been generally reported that Col. Astor made a settlement of $10,000,000 in lieu of alimony. The decree, according to rumor, gives the custody of the 7-year-old girl to Mrs. Astor, and that of the 17-year-old boy to Col. Astor.

Mrs. Astor was a Miss Ava Willing, of Philadelphia, and was married to Col. Astor in 1891. Until the separation proceedings were instituted they appeared to have lived happily, as have most of the Astor family.

Colonel Astor, who is 45 years old, acquired his title in the Spanish-American war. He was a member of the staff of Governor Morton and when war broke out offered his services. He served on General Shafter's staff and was under fire at Santiago. He presented the government with a mountain battery that proved useful in the Philippines. He has invented one or two mechanical appliances and has been considered rather of a quiet, clean-living man.

Mrs. Astor in Indiana.

Paoli, Ind., Nov. 8.—Mrs. John Jacob Astor, of New York City, who was granted a divorce today from her husband is at French Lick Springs. Every effort has been made to keep her identity secret. Employes of the hotel denied knowledge of her whereabouts.

Mrs. Astor arrived at the Springs on the evening of October 30, and registered under the name of Mrs. Austin, of Red Bank, N. J. Accompanying her were Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Thompson, who gave the same address as Mrs. Astor. Mrs. Astor has made no friends among the other guests of the hotel, but has maintained an air of rigid exclusiveness since her arrival. She spends most of the time in her room or on the veranda of the hotel, where she is the center of all eyes.

ABLE SOLDIER DIES

General Coppinger Had Fine Record in Army.

Washington, Nov. 5.—General John J. Coppinger, who died last night of pneumonia, was the eldest son of William Coppinger, county Cork, Ireland, where he was born October 11, 1834. He belonger to one of the most ancient and honorable families in the south of Ireland. At an early age he received a commission in one of the yeomanry regiments then raised in England for service in the Crimea, but was mustered out at the close of hostilities without seeing any active service.

He then received a commission in one of the papal regiments, and served during the campaign of 1860. He was taken prisoner at the defense of the La Rocca Gate, and was made a knight of St. Gregory for his services. On his release he was invalided home, and at the outbreak of the Civil war received a commission in the United States regular army on the recommendation of Archbishop Hughes. He was made captain of the then Fourteenth infantry September 30, 1861. He served with gallantry during the war, was severely wounded at the second battle of Bull Run, and was made colonel of the Fifteenth New York cavalry January 27, 1865.

After the war he served mainly on the frontier as captain in the Twenty-third cavalry, major of the Tenth infantry, liuetenant colonel in the Eighteenth infantry, and colonel in the Twenty-third cavalry. He was commissioned a brigadier general April 25, 1895, and commanded the department of the Platte till the outbreak of the Spanish war. He was made major general of volunteers in July, 1898, and commanded the Fourth corps. He was retired for age on October 11, 1898.

General Coppinger married Alice Blaine, eldest daughter of the late James G. Blaine, in February, 1883. Mrs. Coppinger died in 1890, leaving two sons, Blaine and Conor Coppinger, who survive. After his retirement General Coppinger resided in Washington. He was for years one of the governors of the Metropolitan club, to which office he was re-elected but a few days before his death.

The funeral will take place Saturday morning with military ceremony. Services will be held at St. Matthew's Catholic church and interment will be at Arlington.

CONFESSION OF MURDER

Paris, Nov. 4.—In a most startling, dramatic manner the trial of Madame Marguerite Steinheil was interrupted this afternoon by the appearance of a man named Jean Lefevre, who confessed that it was he who murdered Madame Steinheil's husband and step-mother.

In the midst of the trial M. Aubin, the prisoner's attorney, interrupted the proceedings to present a letter which he said he had just received. This letter, which M. Aubin read, was signed "Jean Lefevre," and stated that the writer had participated in the double murder with which Madame Steinheil is charged.

The police are inclined to believe that Lefevre's story is fictitious and the product possibly of the over-vivid imagination of one whose head has been turned through brooding over the case or even by the attractiveness of the woman involved.

Madame Steinheil was much fatigued as a result of the day's ordeal and the sensational turn of affairs and her attorney asked for an early adjournment, which was granted.

Says Remorse Moves Him.

Immediately after reading the letter the attorney suddenly introduced the writer, who in the meantime had made his way through the crowd in the court room to a place beside M. Aubin. The newcomer proved to be a man of about 21 years. Amid the greatest excitement he demanded a hearing. Refusing to reply to the preliminary inquiries as to his profession and domicile the young man shouted that he had been an accomplice in the assassination of Adolphe Steinheil and Madame Japy.

As the audience hushed into silence in their eagerness to hear what he had to say Jean Lefevre continued:

"I was an accomplice in the assassinations at the home of Mme. Steinheil. Filled with remorse I wish now to confess my part in the crimes. I was disguised as a woman and wore a wig of red hair. My accomplices wore long cloaks. We committed the murders and then escaped to the forest at Mount Morency, where we burned our disguises."

The voluntary prisoner said that after destroying the immediate evidences of their crime he and his companions escaped from the country, going abroad. One of his friends had since died, he said.

Mme. Steinheil confronted Lefevre, but said that she was unable to recognize him as one of the murderers whom she had described. Judge Devalles ordered that Lefevre be placed under arrest and that an investigation of his statement be made. At the same time the court warned the jury that this dramatic episode might prove to have been another attempt to baffle justice.

Proves Consummate Actress.

Before the sensational episode of the alleged confession, Madame Steinheil had made a wonderful single-handed fight for her life displaying as much skill in confounding the judge as she had in baffling the police.

She presented a dramatic figure in the dock, her black mourning gown accentuating the pallor of her face. When caught in the mesh-work of conflicting stories previously told she had recourse to tears, or, with uplifted eyes and arms extended, made fervent appeals to the jury.

The most experienced court reporters in France consider Madame Steinheil the most consummate actress who has ever appeared before the bar of justice, while dramatic critics believe that she might have been a world-famous tragedienne.

The procedure of the criminal courts of France which makes the judge a prosecuting attorney naturally awakens sympathy for the prisoners, and the public conviction is strong already that while Mme. Steinheil may be guilty she will not be convicted. The intense public interest in the case is shown by the fact that the newspapers printed extras containing the testimony every half hour.

The old scandal which grew out of the fatal illness, at the prisoner's home, of Felix Faure, the late president of France, and which a section of the press is anxious to revive, has not as yet been mentioned at the trial, although Judge De Valles announced that it was not intended to shield any one. At one point in her testimony, however, the accused woman referred significantly to "a high political personage who had been my friend," but added that she did not desire to involve in this affair one who had been kind to her.

30,000 TROOPS SALUTE MIKADO

Tokio, Nov. 3.—A review of the troops was held today in honor of the emperor's birthday. Field Marshal Lord Kitchener, who arrived here yesterday, accompanied his majesty to the saluting point. The spectacle was a magnificent one, 30,000 troops taking part in the maneuvres.

ALCOHOL NATION'S FOE

International Congress Reports It Inimical to Life and Comfort.

Washington, Nov. 8.—Alcohol and alcoholism are two of the real and substantial enemies of moral, artistic and commercial progress of the human race, according to the report of the United States delegates to the twelfth international congress on alcoholism, just made public by the state department. The delegates were appointed by Secretary Knox as one his first official acts. The congress was held last July in London, and 25 governments were represented, the delegates each concurring in the general finding that alcohol not only is unnecessary to human life and comfort, but inimical to both.

Condemns Drinking Habit.

Three departments of the United States government were represented by delegates, the state, navy and treasury. Twelve representatives went abroad, and all of them unanimously signed the report made public, the finding of which is to condemn the drinking habit as dangerous to public health and morals and subversive of national moral, commercial and military greatness.

While the congress urged the necessity of imposing the most rigorous restrictions on the sale and traffic in alcoholic liquors, it regarded as equally important the need of educating the younger generation to a true knowledge of what alcohol is and what its effects upon the human system are.

The delegates believe that the numerous recent discoveries as to the harmfulness of drunkenness and even "moderate" drinking, also, should be set before children in order that they may see the danger of the practice.

Campaign in Schools.

While acknowledgement is made that the organization of associations of juvenile abstainers is useful, it is declared the chief reliance should be placed on scientific temperance education in the public schools as a means of ridding the public mind of errors about the effects of alcohol.

There was considerable debate on the effects of the use of small quantities of alcohol. Certain of the delegates, according to the report, insisted that the use of alcohol in whatever quantity was of the greatest danger to the human.

Others contended that experiments showed conclusively no harm resulted. No conclusion was reached, the latter class maintaining that further experimentation should be undertaken before any decision was reached.

A FINE KIDNEY REMEDY.

Mr. A. S. Hitchcock (clothing dealer), 820 Carrier Building, East Hampton, Conn., says if any reader afflicted with a kidney or bladder trouble will write to him he will direct them to the splendid home remedy he so successfully used. He is glad to do this, and does not wish you to send him money.

DISCREDITS COOK

Couldn't Have Reached the Pole, Says Admiral Chester.

Washington, Nov. 8.—That Dr. Frederick A. Cook could not have reached the pole, and that Commander Peary did attain the goal that has cost the lives of so many intrepid explorers, were statements made Saturday night by Rear Admiral C. M. Chester.

The officer was a member of the committee of the National Geographic society that passed upon Commander Peary's data and announced their conviction of the genuineness of them.

The lecture delivered to scientists in the hall of the University club created a profound impression, for it was practically the first utterance by an official of the Geographic society, although given unofficially, which has flatly and openly cast discredit on Dr. Cook.

Admiral Chester contended that Dr. Cook erred in saying that at a certain point in his travels north he witnessed a remarkable sunset. If he had been at that point, the speaker continued, he would have found the sun high in the heavens.

The testimony of the Eskimo who accompanied Dr. Cook also was reviewed. This testimony, the admiral insisted, showed conclusively that the party witnessed the sunset at 51 degrees north, a considerable distance from the pole. He also declared that Dr. Cook's party would have been compelled to travel 40 miles a day to have accomplished the trip, a speed that was impossible, even under the most favorable circumstances.

The speaker made numerous references to the nautical almanac to disprove Cook's contentions and to prove those of Peary.

While the lecture was intended only for scientists, Admiral Chester announced that he had in course of preparation a statement to the public which, he said, would establish the truth of the matter.

TO LOOK INTO COOK CLAIMS

Washington, Nov. 8.—The board of managers of the National Geographic society today appointed the following committee to pass on the question whether the North Pole was discovered before 1909, meaning by that whether Dr. Cook reached it:

J. Howard Gore, formerly professor of mathematics George Washington University; Rear Admiral John E. Pillsbury, of the navy, and Dr. C. Willard Hayes, chief geologist of the Geological Survey.

A change from the committee which passed on the Peary records is made in accordance with the recommendation of the committee on research of the society, and because it was thought that this would be fairer to Dr. Cook.

INDIANS LOSE THEIR CASE

Washington, Nov. 8.—In an opinion by Justice Holmes, the supreme court of the United States today decided against the complainants the case of the 13,000 Choctaw and Chickasaw Indians, who asked for redress for being excluded from the citizenship rolls of those nations when they were prepared by Secretary Hitchcock of the interior department on March 4, 1907.

Epilepsy, Fits

"My son was cured of a very bad case of epilepsy with Dr. Miles' Nervine." MRS. D. BAKER, Cleveland, Ohio.

"My little girl who was afflicted with St. Vitus' Dance is now entirely well, after taking Dr. Miles' Nervine only four months." MRS. C. G. BENNETT, Alma, Mich.

These diseases have been cured in so many instances, that we do not think there is any longer any doubt that they are curable diseases. Being nervous diseases they yield to the soothing and strengthening influence of Dr. Miles' Nervine.

Though stubborn, persistent treatment is almost sure to effect a cure by restoring nervous energy.

The first bottle will benefit; if not, your druggist will return your money.

SOIL WILL LAST YEARS

Day When Farms Can Not Supply Needs Is Very Remote, Says Wilson.

Washington, Nov. 4.—Some day the steady increase of population in the United States is bound to overtax the ability of the farmer to provide for its sustenance, but that day is very remote, according to Secretary Wilson, of the agricultural department. Nor will it be necessary in the immediate future to import grain for bread, notwithstanding the doleful predictions of some publicists. Everything depends upon the disposition of the American farmer to make the most of the resources of his land, and to improve his methods of agriculture in accordance with the needs of the people.

The secretary is in an optimistic mood just now, and he pointed to the figures of the crop production within his reach, showing that the value of the American farmers' output for one single year aggregated the enormous total of $7,250,000,000. That was for the calendar year 1908, but the secretary was confident that, having in mind the higher prices of the present, the total for this year would certainly be as large or perhaps larger. The experts in the agricultural department were at work, he said, gettting up the data for the present year, and the result would be shown in his annual report this winter.

Looks for a Big Increase.

The prospect for a great increase in the production of wheat is excellent, in the opinion of Secretary Wilson, and for two reasons—first, the greatly enhanced market value of that staple would surely tempt the American farmers to plant more wheat; and, second, thanks to the discovery of the possibility of growing durum wheat in a large part of the country hitherto regarded as unavailable, there would be a great addition to the total of the annual crop.

Last year no less than 60,000,000 bushels of durum wheat were grown in the United States, and Dr. Galloway, who is making a special study of the possibilities of this new grain, seconded the secretary's hopeful view of the situation by interjecting the remark that at 21 stations in the west investigators were ascertaining the conditions best adapted to its growth. Durum is a Siberian grain, peculiarly fit for soils where there is but a small amount of moisture. The agricultural department has found that it will grow well west of the one-hundredth meridian in the northwest, which means almost anywhere west of the middle of the Dakotas and in the semi-dry regions of eastern Washington and Oregon. It has been produced at a cost of from 65 to 70 cents per bushel, which would return a handsome profit with wheat above a dollar as at present.

But the department does not like the methods pursued by the growers. "Soil robbery," exclaimed Dr. Galloway, and the secretary assented to the designation. Great syndicates are farming tracts of 10,000 acres in wheat, planting the crop again and again without regard to the necessary rotation that would insure the soil against exhaustion.

European Practice Better.

That was one of the things the secretary had in mind when he said that better farming methods would be required to produce all the wheat that the American people would need. He pointed out as worthy of imitation the European practice, where on lands that had been farmed for ages, food grains were steadily and profitably grown. The secret was in the rotation; a tract would be divided into at least three parts and the best portion planted in wheat, the second best in barley and the third in oats. The following year there would be a shift and legumes and grasses would be also grown to enrich the soil. In that manner the farms were kept at a high standard.

Secretary Wilson said he is now sending experts to Siberia to secure the seed of the native grasses, which resist much more untoward climatic conditions. Some of these have already been successfully tested.

"Will American wheat go below one dollar again?" he was asked.

"Probably not," he replied, "but there is no telling what might follow such a disturbance in the industrial and financial world as we had in 1907, and should we again meet such a crisis, it is possible that there would again be 58 cent wheat."

GERMS WORK IN UNISON

Pellagra and Hook Worms Allies, Declares English Scientists.

Columbia, S. C., Nov. 4.—Pellagra and hookworms travel hand-in-hand in their death-dealing work. Where the former is found there also may be found the latter in many cases, at least, boring his way to the vitals of the patient, and until the hookworm is routed the successful treatment of the co-existene pellagra is useless to attempt. The battle against pellagra, therefore, involves the training of the artillery of the scientific world upon the hookworm.

Reads Able Paper.

This new development in the investigation of pellagra was brought out here yesterday afternoon in an able paper dealing with this disease prepared by Dr. F. M. Sandwith, of London, Gresham professor in physics, and which was read before the international conference on pellagra by Dr. J. W. Babcock, superintendent of the South Carolina Hospital for the Insane, and the prime mover in the organization of the meeting. One hundred and fifty prominent physicians and scientists from all sections of the United States are in attendance.

Suspects Disease Here.

"In spite of denial from American authorities on medicine, I have always suspected that pellagra might exist, unrecognized, in the south.

"Now that the diagnosis of pellagra has been firmly established in so many states, it would be well to find out for certain how many persons are attacked by the disease in the south. In order to arrive at my correct figures, it might be well to institute compulsory notification of the disease at least as a temporary measure. In Italy there has been a law to that effect since 1888. I would recommend that agricultural laborers should be examined in the states where pellagra is known to be prevalent, such as Georgia and North and South Carolina.

"The treatment of early pellagra cases without mental symptoms can be successfully accomplished by putting the patient on a liberal diet, excluding maize, and by ridding him of the hook worms which are so often coexistent, but the pellagrous symptoms return if he is allowed to resume a diet of musty maize. Italy, by preventive measures has, since 1883, reduced the mortality of pellagra from 3,483 to 1,635, though during the years 1883 to 1907 the maize area under cultivation has increased from 5.79 to 6.33 per cent of the whole country. This points the moral that it is quality, not the quantity, of maize which is at fault."

MEXICAN DESPERADO CAUGHT

Notorious Bandit Charged With Forty Murders.

Galveston, Tex., Nov. 4.—Inez Ruiz, the notorious desperado, for many years the terror of the Texas-Mexican border and a fugitive from Mexico, where he is wanted for several murders, has been captured in Frio county, Texas.

Six years ago he escaped from Mexico where he was awaiting execution, and was never heard of until three days ago, when a sheriff in Frio recognized him and with a posse effected his capture. Ruiz is charged with having killed at least 40 men and the Mexican government has applied for his surrender, with the information that his execution will be speedy.

He was a leader in the Carza raids, also in the San Ignacio outrages in 1892. In one battle in which a posse was trying to effect his capture he killed 10 men. Mexico had a standing reward of $3,000 for his capture.

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AGENTS

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR

IN THE QUIET PLACE

Elizabeth Ayres

Elizabeth Ayres.

FOR nearly half a century the houses stood side by side, and, save for an occasional fresh coat of paint and other needful repairs, they remained practically unchanged throughout the years of their existence. During this time they had been occupied by the same families which had the usual history of births and deaths and marriages, and the departures and returns which go to the making of the average family annals.

They were not fine houses. They were just comfortable homes with considerable yard space lying between, divided at the property line by a fence which was high and solidly built of boards at the back. Half way to the street it was joined to an ornamental partition of slender iron rods and wire scrolls, painted a glossy black. This part of the fence was only waist-high to a grown person, and permitted of neighborly visits between the occupants of the houses.

In the beginning of their residence side by side, there was not much intimacy between the families. The two mothers were busied with their household cares and their children, and there was little time for visiting; then, too, they belong to different social circles and were never brought in contact away from their homes.

The years which seem so many when they are counted in retrospection, were swift in passing, and while they were going, the two women were widowed, the house where they had been but two children became a place of quiet and sometimes one of loneliness, while the other, where there were several sons and daughters born, continued to be filled with life and action. The sons and daughters of the Other House married while they were young and began home-building for themselves, but they all remained in the same town and were daily visitors at "Ma's home."

Then there came a second generation to fill the Other House with the interests and the stir and cheery sounds brought by children. The family thrived and prospered and increased in numbers, while in the Quiet Place there was no second generation to repeat the child life which had ended when the children belonging there were grown.

When their youth was past the woman of the Quiet Place and the woman of the Other House, drew near to each other and were held together by a strong tie of sympathy and affection. They visited frequently "over the fence," and found they had much in common. Both loved flowers and both worked in their yards to beautify them, whenever it was possible, and in this way they grew close together in a friendship which, though late in coming, was sincere and enduring.

Life in the Other House was eventful, and nearly always there was something happening. The family grew large enough to be a social circle in itself, and "Ma" was the gentle, peaceful spirit which held her children and her children-in-law without friction. It was a busy, happy life that went on in the Other House, and to watch its transactions was as entertaining as a play to the woman in the Quiet Place. Often she was alone, and sometimes she would have been lonely but for the interest afforded her by the Other House family. She had no curiosity concerning her neighbor's affairs; she simply enjoyed seeing them come and go, and having a good time together.

Much of the life in the Other House went on in the side toward the Quiet Place. The living rooms in the Quiet Place faced the lively side of the Other House, and often at night when the Quiet Place was very still, it gave the woman who lived there a sense of comforting companionship to hear the opening and closing of the side door "over to the Other House," and voices raised in greeting or saying, "Well, good-night, Ma; take care of yourself. Yes, some of us will be over tomorrow."

The side door of the Other House opened from a veranda directly into the sitting room, and the sitting room was the heart of the house. In the summer the family spent much time on the veranda. In the winter it was in the sitting room where the "children" and the children's children assembled, but even through closed doors one could sometimes hear talking and laughter, and at night there were always bright lights shining through the windows.

The woman in the Quiet Place often went to her sitting room window to see if the light was there reflecting the Other House cheer, and she was seldom disappointed. If the house chanced to be dark of an evening she felt lonely and went repeatedly to her window, until the lights appeared, seeming to send across the yards a neighborly greeting.

Life in the two houses moved in their usual channels for several years, with the friendship growing stronger and stronger between the woman in the Other House and the one in the Quiet Place, and then, without the warning of an illness, the woman in the Other House folded her hands; hands which had scarcely ever been idle, and went away from the home she held so dear.

The woman in the Quiet Place felt desolated when she knew "Ma" was gone. "So many years we've lived side by side," she said. "So many years. How I shall miss her!"

The life in the Other House seemed to have reached a full stop. There must be a change, since she who made the home was gone. None of the sons or daughters cared to take the homestead for their own. The house was old, and expensive repairs were needed to make it a modern residence, and so it was decided to tear it down and put up in its stead an apartment building. When she heard of this decision, the woman in the Quiet Place felt as if her life was violently disrupted. It was a grief to her when she saw the Other House being destroyed, and the yard which "Ma" had so carefully tended, trampled to wreck and ruin. The new building would cover nearly all of the ground, and crowd the fence over which they had enjoyed so much good, sweet gossip. There would be no more family gatherings for her to watch, no more comfortable sense of companionship when she was lonely, and she looked on at the growth of the apartment house with hostile eyes.

Brick by brick its walls were reared until they loomed high above the Quiet Place, and cast upon it their shadow. The nearness of the building made its great bulk seem overwhelming. The woman in the Quiet Place was used to open spaces and the change was unwelcome. So many years the Other House had stood there, and now it was gone—blotted out by this monster of an intruder.

It is strange the tricks that fancy plays, and it is strange how memory can make more vivid pictures than present realities. Sometimes, though it is all past, when night veils the walls of the apartment building, the woman in the Quiet House looks out of the window from which she has so often watched and listened for the Other House cheer, and she sees it just as it used to be in the winter evenings with its broadside of light turned toward her, and its sounds of happy home life. She hears again the opening and closing of the side door, and she hears voices raised in greeting or saying: "Well, good-night, Ma. Take care of yourself. Yes, some of us will be over tomorrow."

COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Look up, lift up. Object: To aid, comfort, encourage and cheer; scattering sunshine along the way.

THEY PULL TOGETHER

I am going to profit by the old adage, "Make hay while the sun shines," and get my word in while some of the other writers are, as Elizabeth says, "pickling."

I have been a reader of this page a long time; in fact, so long that I can no longer resist the temptation to put in my word, too. I live on a ranch of more than 600 acres, keep house for my husband, baby girl and four boys. I do all my own work and yet have time to read and embroider, and this is the way I accomplish it: The two younger boys, 7 and 10 years of age, I have trained to help me. They do away with "stacking dishes." They also fetch the wood, water and turn the washing machine, churn and bread mixer. We run races and have stunts about all our work, and the boys think it lots of fun, especially if there is a fat piece of cake or pie as a surprise at the end of it. We sing together in doing our work, which cannot help but bring sunshine to our hearts and a smile to our lips.

Did you know a smile will bring a smile? So, let us all be smiling and see how many pleasant people we will meet. In the summer we raise turkeys. Some one says "too much work." Not a bit of it. The boys help me, for they know when the turkeys are sold they will get a present of money. This does not mean my boys are hired to do everything, but I know if you want the dear lads and lassies to stay on the farm there must be sunshine and inducements.

I think it grand that the housewives can have a little Cozy Corner in this generous paper and yet not have to give our real names to the public. So, of course, I am in favor of the nom de plume, even if others would have it—we are ashamed of our names. If some of the writers had to sign their real names we all would miss reading many good helpful letters. So I am simply—Ranch Lassie.

A HELPFUL VERSE

As I have just received and read the letters in the Cozy Corner, I thought I would write my first one. I am the mother of three little children, all girls. The youngest is a baby four months old. They are a great deal of comfort and company. No one knows how much comfort they are until they have children of their own. As for those with unhappy homes, I sympathize with them, as I have had my share of trouble in life, but make the best of it. Here is a verse that has often helped me:

Be content with what you have,
Life at best is shaded;
Take the sunshine while it lasts,
Ere its light is faded.
So you think your lot is hard,
Cheerless like December,
Some one's lot is harder still,
Always that remember.

—A Farmer's Wife.

A CONTENTED MAN

I have been a reader of The Blade for 20 years and enjoy the Household page very much. As I have not seen any letters from this part of Arkansas I thought I would write. This state is not a howling wilderness, nor do we all wear our hair in rat tails, or have long and slender jaws. This is a beautiful country. We have good schools, churches, free rural delivery, telephones, good neighbors and good society. I am not a native of Arkansas, but I like it. We grow corn, cotton, potatoes, all kinds of grain, grass, fruit and vegetables, and this is a good place for a man of moderate means to get a home.

When I think of the many renters "back north," struggling with high rents, trying to make a living and educate their children my heart goes out in sympathy to them. I have seen fathers and mothers toil and save for 20 years to buy the place on which they lived. "One more crop, mother, and we shall have a home," the man would say, and then their hopes would be blasted by the "other fellow" who bought the farm, or by the death of either the father or mother before the good crop was made. How long, I wonder, will this continue! I have been a very busy man all my life and have never done much for my fellow men, but there are some I should like to help now, if I could, but how can I reach them or tell them what I want them to know. The sun rises bright, the grass is greener and the bird's sing sweeter than they ever did before and I would like to share these blessings with others, with those that are as I was, who want a home for wife and babies and have not got it. With best wishes.—A Contented Man.

IN SYMPATHY

I am a stranger, but thought I would call on the Cozy Corner this afternoon I am an interested reader of The Blade and enjoy reading this special corner. I live in the northeastern part of Ohio. I have lived here only four years, but I think this country a pleasant place. Dairying is the principal occupation. The crops are all good this year. We have had several frosts, but they have not done much damage. It is quite dry and a good rain would just make it nice for fall work.

I wish to say to A Bereaved Mother I know how to sympathize with you. I have laid two dear little ones to rest, each 10 months old—a little son five years ago, and a daughter in the past spring. How we miss these little darlings. How their little toys bring tears and heartaches each day. But God is just and His will, not ours, be done. Now, I have stayed longer than I intended so I will bid you adieu.—Nellie F.

A LONELY ONE

As I am a reader of The Blade, I will try to write a few lines to this column. I have seven children, though two are dead. I live in the beautiful mountains of western North Carolina, 10 miles from the city of Ashville. I am a widow, 72 years of age, and have only one son with me, so you may know how lonesome I feel sometimes. I like to read the Cozy Corner. It seems a lot of company to me when I am alone. Wishing you all success.—Caroline Penland.

INQUIRIES

Will someone of the Household send a recipe for hulling corn?

One of our members would like to have a recipe for graham crackers.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Don't be discouraged about writing, even if your letters are not always published. It helps me to hear from you as what you write sometimes gives me a clue to what you like in "our page." It lets me get acquainted with you, and that is what I want.—Elizabeth.

The way the weather acts makes us think it is getting near to Thanksgiving time, and after that there's a holiday feeling in the air. It's great.

Letters recently received are from Happy Wife and Mother No. 1, M. D. M., Mrs. M. A. W. from W. Va., Blade Reader, Fy, Mrs. Amelia Cook, and Grandma Nancy.

Dear People:—As previously mentioned, we want more subscribers for The Blade. We want all we can get. The more we have the better paper we can give you. If you like us, tell your friends and neighbors, and read the announcement which appears on the fourth page the last week in every month. We want a larger family than we have so our influence may be greater. All join hands, circle round, and help.

There is a good side to every human being. Believe this and look for the good rather than the evil.

EMELINE PANKHURST, SUFFRAGETTE

The coming to this country of Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, leading suffragette in England is a matter of widespread interest, and Mrs. Pankhurst is herself a piece of "news" whose movements are being closely followed. While the suffragettes' actions in England are more than sensational, they have been wildly caricatured by the reports cabled to this country, though they have been sufficiently drastic to almost turn England upside down.

A recent number of The Woman's Journal explains what the suffragettes' grievance is and why they have gone through their curious performances. For the past 16 years, a majority of the House of Commons has been in favor of woman suffrage. Bills to grant the Parliamentary franchise to women upon the same terms as to men have passed their second reading over and over again, by constantly growing majorities. Such a bill passed its second reading in the present House of Commons by a vote of three to one, but the cabinet, has the power to smother any bill by keeping it from coming up for third reading and final vote. For 16 years the suffrage bill has been thus treated. Some of the more ardent suffragists have got out of patience, and have set out deliberately to make the lives of the Cabinet Ministers a burden to them until they let the suffrage bill come to a vote. This is declared to be the cause of the excitement.

Since Mrs. Pankhurst has come "amongst us," while she is undoubtedly an extraordinary woman and a woman filled with a purpose she is determined to see succeed, it has been discovered she is also a human being, though she may be different from the average.

MRS. EMMELINE PANKHURST.

Mrs. Pankhurst's maiden name was Goulden. She was born in Manchester, England, on the anniversary of the storming of the Bastile. She comes by her radicalism by right of inheritance, her father and her grandfather having been prominent radical politicians. Miss Goulden was educated at Paris, where she became an ardent Republican. She was unusually gifted by nature, not only with intelligence and courage, but also with personal attractions. In her youth she had the reputation of being the most beautiful woman in England. In 1879 she met and married Dr. Pankhurst, a distinguished barrister who had been a member of the first Woman Suffrage society, founded by John Stuart Mill. A little later, Mrs. Pankhurst began her work for suffrage and at the same time helped her husband in politics. She has held many offices of trust and served for many years in various important official capacities. Her husband died when her four children, three daughters and a son, were all young. It was then she went into business and contrived to give them a university education.

The daughters of Mrs. Pankhurst are said to be as interesting as their mother. Each has developed a separate gift, and uses it for the cause. Christabel has studied law, and is a good speaker, and very bright at answering questions. She is a great favorite because of her prettiness and her wit. At balls, she is besieged by the young men with requests to dance, and they think themselves lucky when they can get even half a dance. Sylvia is an artist, and designs banners for the suffrage processions, and decorations for the meetings. Adela writes. But the three girls can all change parts on occasion, writing or speaking or going to prison.

Mrs. Pankhurst worked for woman suffrage for years in the usual way, by meetings, petitions, etc., until she became convinced that new tactics must be tried, and then it was decided that other methods must be adopted. What the other methods have been, have furnished for some time past sensational copy for the newspapers and magazines.

SOME POINTERS

By Elizabeth.

It is a waste of time and strength to cherish an animosity. It always springs from a sense of injury to self. Forget it.

Many a fine character has sprung from an "ordinary" family.

Why not substitute for the word "charity" the phrase "help one another."

It is foolish to be too proud to accept a "lift" when you need it. It may help to put you in a position where you may "lift" the other fellow.

Kindness and trust will open a heart that distrust and unkindness closes.

You can be so broad-minded that you are narrow. This means you should respect the views of those you regard as restricted of mind, and conventional.

Always remember, when you are in the slough of despond, there is a way out of it. Either some one will show you, or you will find it yourself.

The fashion of the clothes you wear does not matter, only so you are clean—outside and in.

You don't know what you miss when you confine yourself to what you call your own exclusive "set" or circle.

Every unkind thought you think, every unkind word you speak, helps to make you unhappy.

JUST BY THE WAY

By Beth

Maurice Maeterlinck has written a charming play, called The Blue Bird, which has all the elements of a fairy tale, with its mystery and magic, and the action that is supposed to take place in a world far removed from the actual. The story hinges upon the search of two children, Tyltyl and his sister Mytyl, who, assisted by a magic diamond, go looking for the Blue Bird in order to bring it to the fairy's sick daughter. The Blue Bird typifies the great secret of things, the happiness for which men have been searching since the beginning.

The children find many blue birds, but some escape, some die, and others lose the blue color when taken captive. In the end, Tyltyl and Mytyl, after much journeying, waken in their own humble cottage to find that the little dove in the cage hanging in their bedroom is the Blue Bird for which they have been seeking.

The story shows how near we live to happiness if we have eyes to see it, and how easily it slips away unless it is closely guarded. The meaning of the fairy play is so plain it requires no explanation. The search for the Blue Bird is symbolical of the way we have of grasping at something just beyond our reach, overlooking the dove we have in the cage hanging in our home. Chasing the blue birds is an occupation with which we are all too much engaged. It is far better to appreciate and cherish the dove we have close by. Many a time happiness walks with us, if we but knew it. All we have to do is to take it by the hand and welcome it as a companion.

The word "gossip" as its meaning is commonly interpreted, is held up to scorn and derision, but there is gossip of different kinds, and there are different sorts of gossipers. The gossip which is harmful is that backed by malice and is of the kind to hold in scorn, likewise the gossiper who is given to scandalous speech. She, or he, for there are as many "he" gossips as "she" ones, are always to be avoided and turned down as blanks. Their minds are dangerous things to come in contact with and as much to be dreaded as the "battle, murder and sudden death," from which we pray the good Lord to deliver us.

This is the darker, and unfortunately, the generally accepted meaning of the word, but, like many other words, there is a reverse side to its definition. There is the cozy fireside talk, when the members of a family get together and tell of the events of the day, or discuss some affairs in a homey manner. There is the good, sweet gossip made up of reports of pleasant happenings, pleasant news of friends and acquaintances, and kindly comment of things in general, and there is the good, sweet gossiper who talks of all these things, who delights in being the bearer of "glad tidings," and who makes one feel happier and better for having been in her or his company, as it may happen.

Praises be, there are many of this kind, and may their number grow larger. With ourselves it rests whether or not we join the beneficent company of pleasant gossipers.

"Life is made up of disappointments, but I can get along with 'em if others can stand it," I heard a gentlewoman say, unconscious that I was "taking notice."

The beginning of her remark sounded like the plaint of a pessimist. The end reflected the spirit of the cheerful, unselfish philosopher. It was only a casual remark, but it held a significance worth thinking over.

"Life is made up of disappointments, but I can get along with 'em if others can stand it."

This was "every word she said," but it was better than a lengthy sermon. I'll leave it to you to take it for a text and work out its elucidation. To me it said: "Love your fellowmen; yourself consider last."

MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Do all the good you can,
To all the people you can,
In all the ways you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

After listening to Pennemite Jake's sensible views upon the subject of woman's suffrage, I cannot refrain from telling him how much I appreciate his letter.

I am just as firm an advocate of woman's suffrage as I was several years ago, when I had the honor of announcing to the M. G. R.'s my first ballot cast for school committee. If I repeat any arguments I then used, I hope the M. G. R.'s will pardon me—but why do I apologize? I have yet to hear one argument in favor of woman's suffrage that needs any apology, or that will not bear repetition many times over. On the oher hand, many of the reasons used against the ballot for woman are so weak that I pity the people who try to support them. I am aware that there has been much suffragette talk in the papers of late, and some silly women have done many foolish things which have injured the cause, but I fail to see any logic in ridiculing the thoughtful, intelligent women who desire the ballot, because of the actions of some of their weaker sisters who seem to be actuated more from a desire for notoriety than for the ballot. Would that there were more men like Pennemite Jake.

One oft repeated argument against woman's suffrage is that they will neglect their homes. This seems to me the weakest excuse of all, for who can deny that the woman who gets out into the world and learns what is going on, and takes pride and interest in the affairs of her town and country, is not better qualified to guard her home and to intelligently train her sons and daughters to more useful manhood and womanhood?

In the great majority ofcases it is the man who neglects the home. If you doubt my statement, just glance over the daily papers and then answer me these questions: When the husband and father finds himself out of employment and discouraged, what does he do? If he yields to the temptation when holding a position of great responsibility, what does he do when the fear of discovery confronts him? Is it necessary to tell you that 'tis the same old story? He either flees to parts unknown or, what is worse, destroys his own life. Who then bravely takes up the battle of life and faces poverty and disgrace with a resolute heart while she tries to drive the wolf from the door and guard her fatherless little ones from the temptations of the world? 'Tis the woman, and she not only takes up the task the man has abandoned, but also the added burden of his desertion and sorrow in the loss of her loved one. And she is usually successful, too.

A recent writer has wisely said: "How often, when man abandons the helm in despair, woman seizes it and carries the home ship through the storm! Man often flies from home and family to avoid impending poverty or ruin.

"Woman seldom, if ever forsook home thus. Woman never evaded mere temporal calamity by suicide or desertion. The proud banker, rather than to live to see his poverty gazetted, may blow out his brains and leave his wife and children to want and protectorless.

"Woman would have counseled him to accept poverty and live to cherish his family and retrieve his fortune." Further on the same writer says: "Woman feels where man thinks, acts where he deliberates, hopes where he despairs, and triumphs where he fails." Daily examples are proving these statements. Only a few days ago I read of a woman rescuing her baby from a burning building which her husband refused to enter and which he and a policeman were trying to prevent her from entering. Had she not managed to escape them her baby would have been burned to death, or had they detained her a moment longer it would have been sure death for both mother and child, yet women are denied the right to say how they and their homes shall be governed.

True, there are just as honest, brave and true men in the world as there are women, and all honor to them; but in a general summary the arithmetical proposition would be something like this: Man is to woman as "Ah, What's the use?" is to "I will," and you all know the produce of the means is equal to the product of the extremes. Consequently, I think our Heavenly Father made manifest the greatness of his wisdom when he created woman as an helpmeet for man, for man needs woman and woman needs man. Then let us work together, men and women, for the highest interests of all wherever we may be; in the home or on the farm; in the shop or at the office, and last, but not least, at the ballot box.

The oft repeated maxim about taxation without representation is just as true today as when first uttered, and I hope the day is not far distant, Pennemite Jake, when your M. G. R. sisters may be permitted to cast their ballots with you for intelligent, educated men and women of the highest moral influence.—New England Girl.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS

Enough is as good as a feast, you know. This remark is appropos of our supply of suffrage letters. We have them in abundance, "for and against;" probably we have more than can be published. We have "enough," and, that, as previously stated, is as good as a feast.

Once more, I must patiently, but firmly ask you, not to mention the waste paper basket in your letters. I get so tired of having to read about it so much, I should like to put the "necessary evil" out of the window. As to the "office cat," there isn't any, though it might be a good idea to have one as we are frequently visited by rats.

Our most recent letters are from Mother of Five Sons, A Mother's Son from Ohio, Gladys of the Wild Rose State, Kathreen from Ohio, York State Girl, Unlearned, North Carolina Spitfire, Wolverine, A Sister from the West, Egypt, Florence of Navarre, Brown-Eyed Buckeye Girl, Backwoodswoman, Don Quixote and Mina.

Backwoodsan:—Our letter writers are doing a few things to you. Watch to see what you get.

Permit me to remark that we want more subscribers for The Blade. We want to give you the finest paper ever published, and having more subscribers will "help some." Read the announcement which appears on the fourth page the last week in every month. Beyond a doubt we are certainly the people, and there should be millions of us. Get out and "hustle" for The Blade cause.

It is a low, mean business to dig up an old scandal and darken a creditable present with the shadow of a discreditable past.

MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY

Out of the shadows of night
The world rolls into light;
Tis daybreak everywhere.

MONDAY

Nothing useless is, or low;
Each thing in its place is best,
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

TUESDAY

Build today, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base,
And ascending and secure,
Shall tomorrow find its place.

WEDNESDAY

Far and fair is the distant dawn
Faint promise of morning sweet;
Yet we know that the morning will come at last
And make our world complete.

THURSDAY

Yesterday's burden is gone. Refuse to carry it into today.

FRIDAY

To sit down in the stream of Time and weep over the goneby is worse than tragic; it is comic.

SATURDAY

The gayest castles in the air that were ever plied, are far better for comfort and for use than the dungeons in the air that are daily dug and caverned out by grumbling, discontented people.

THE POETS' CORNER

THE ENGINEER'S STORY

Uuthor Unknown.

No, children, my trips are over,
The engineer needs rest;
My hands are shaky; I'm feeling
A tugging pain in my breast;
But here, as the twilight gathers,
I'll tell you a tale, in my head forever,
Till it rests beneath the sod.

We were lumbering along in the twilight,
The night was drooping her shade,
And the Gladiator labored—
Climbing the top of the grade;
The train was heavily laden,
So I let my engine rest,
Climbing the grading slowly,
Till we reached the upland crest.

I held my watch to the lamplight—
Ten minutes behind the time!
Lost in the slacked motion,
Of the up-grade's heavy climb.
But I knew the miles of the prairie,
That stretched a level track,
So I touched the gauge of the boiler,
And pulled the lever back.

Over rails a-gleaming,
Thirty an hour, or so,
The engine leaped like a demon,
Breathing a fiery glow;
But to me—ahold of the lever—
It seemed a child away,
Trustful and always ready,
My lightest touch to obey.

I was proud, you know, of my engine,
Holding it steady that night.
And my eye on the track before us,
Ablaze with the Drummond light.
We neared a well-known cabin,
Where a child of three or four,
As the train passed, often called to me,
A-playing around the door.

My hand was firm on the throttle,
As we swept around the curve,
When something afar in the shadow,
Struck fire through every nerve.
I sounded the brakes, and crashing
The reverse lever down in dismay,
Groaning to heaven—eighty paces
Ahead was a child at its play!

One instant—one awful and only,
The world flew around in my brain,
And I smote my hand hard on my forehead,
To keep back the pain;
The train I thought flying forever,
With mad, irresistible roll,
While the cries of the dying, the night wind,
Swept into my shuddering soul.

Then I stood on the front of the engine,
How I got there I never could tell—
My feet planted down on the crossbar,
Where the cowcatcher slopes to the rail.
One hand firmly locked on the coupler,
And one held out in the night,
While my eye gauged the distance and measured,
The speed of our slackening flight.

My mind, thank the Lord! it was steady;
I saw the curls of her hair.
And the face that, turning in wonder,
Was lit by the deadly glare.
I know little more—but I heard it—
The groan of the anguished wheels,
And remember thinking the engine,
In agony trembles and reels.

One rod! to the day of my dying,
I shall think the old engine reared back,
And as it recoiled, with a shudder,
I swept my hand over the track.
Then darkness fell over my eyelids,
But I heard the surge of the train,
And the poor old engine creaking,
As racked by a deadly pain.

They found us, they said, on the gravel,
My fingers enmeshed in her hair,
And she on my bosom a-climbing,
To nestle securely there.
We are not much given to crying—
We men that run on the road—
But that night, they said, there were faces,
With tears on them, lifted to God.

For years in the eve and the morning,
As I neared the cabin again,
My hand on the lever pressed downward,
And slackened the speed of the train.
When my engine had blown a greeting,
She always would come to the door;
And her look with a fullness of heaven,
Blessed me evermore.

The poem called The Dying Soldier is wanted. It begins:

The sun was sinking in the west.

The song entitled Take Back the Engagement Ring is wanted. It begins:

Oh, take it back, I beg of you, Jack.

Sweet Belle Mahone is an old song that is asked for.

A LEGEND

Author Unknown.

There has come to my mind a legend
A thing I had half forgot,
And whether I read or dreamed it—
Ah, well, it matters not;
It is said that in heaven at twilight
A great bell softly swings,
And man may listen and hearken,
To the wonderful music that rings
If he puts from his heart's inner chamber
All the passion, pain and strife,
Heartaches and weary longings,
That throb in the pulses of life;
If he thrusts from his soul all hatred
All thoughts of wicked things,
He can hear in the holy twilight,
How the bell of the angels rings.

I think there is in this legend
If we open our eyes to see,
Somewhat of an inner meaning,
My friend to you and me;
Let us look in our hearts and question
Can pure thought enter in
To a soul if it be already,
The dwelling of thoughts of sin?
So, then, let us ponder a little;
Let us look in our hearts and see
If the twilight bell of the angels,
Could ring for you and me.

JUST PLAIN FOLKS

To a mansion in the city
Came a couple old and gray,
To see their son who'd left them ago;
He had prospered and grown wealthy
Since in youth he ran away.
And now his life was one of pomp show.
But coldly did he greet them,
For rich friends were by his side,
Who had ofttimes heard him boast home, so grand;
Then the old man sadly looked at his
And said, with modest pride,
As he gently took his dear wife's hand:

CHORUS.

We are just plain folks,
Your mother and me—
Just plain folks,
Like our own folks used to be;
As our presence seems to grieve
We will go away and leave you;
We are sadly out place here
'Cause we're just plain folks.

'Taint so long ago since you
Were but a simple country lad,
And did the work that country
should do;
In those days you never looked
shame
On mother and old dad;
In fact, my boy, we both were
of you,
But something must have changed
For your wealth has brought vain
Yet riches sometimes take swift
they say,
And you'll always find a hearty
At your parents' side,
They will greet you in the
loving way.

THE CHURCH ACROSS THE

Author Unknown.

One Easter Sunday morning, while
sun was shining clear,
And good folks to the old church
the parson's prayer to hear,
They little knew while seated there
that blessed day,
A human life was ending near in a
just over the way,
A man in deep depravity without
single friend,
Would answer soon the call of death
life was near an end,
With no one there to comfort him
humble words to say,
He heard the morning service in
church across the way.

CHORUS.

The minister was preaching his good
sacred teaching,
The congregation sat in ecstacy,
The bell had just ceased ringing,
choir was sweetly singing,
Nearer, my God, to Thee.

The preacher's words touched every
within those sacred walls,
He told how honor always thrives,
how deception falls,
The outcast in that humble home
life had been a blank,
Sighed softly at those truthful words
nearer death he sank;
He knew not that the preacher was
honored brother Ned,
Whom he had not seen for years
since to his crimes he fled.
If he could lead life over again,
thoughts would never stray,
From each word taught that morning
the church across the way.

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JUST DO ME A GOOD TURN

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Brookfield, Mo.—Mrs. Sarah Louisgnont, 207 S. Market St.
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Big Run, Pa.—Mrs. W. E. Pooler.
Atwater Station, O.—Mrs. Anton Muelhaupt.
Cincinnati, Ohio.—Mrs. E. H. Maddocks, 2135 Gilbert Avenue.
Mogadore, Ohio.—Mrs. Lee Manges, Box 131.
Dewittville, N. Y.—Mrs. A. A. Giles.
Johnstown, N. Y.—Mrs. Homer N. Seaman, 108 E. Main Street.
Dartonview, Ill.—Mrs. Peter Langenbahn.

Avoid Operations.

Hampstead, Md.—Mrs. Jos. H. Dandy.
Adrian, Ga.—Lena V. Henry, Route No. 3.
Indianapolis, Ind.—Bessie V. Piper, 29 South Addison Street.
Louisville, Ky.—Mrs. Sam Lee, 3523 Fourth St.
South West Harbor, Maine.—Mrs. Lillian Robbins, Mt. Desert Light Station.
Detroit, Mich.—Mrs. Frieda Rosenau, 544 Meldrum Avenue, *German.*

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Mozier, Ills.—Mrs. Mary Ball.
Ligonier, Ind.—Mrs. Eliza Wood, R. F. D. No. 4.
Melbourne, Iowa.—Mrs. Clara Watermann, R. F. D. No. 1.
Bardstown, Ky.—Mrs. Joseph Hall.
Lewiston, Maine.—Mrs. Henry Cloutier, 56 Oxford Street.
Minneapolis, Minn.—Mrs. John G. Moldan, 2115 Second Street, N.
Shamrock, Mo.—Josie Ham, R. F. D. No. 1; Box 22.
Marlton, N. J.—Mrs. Geo. Jordy, Route No. 3, Box 40.
Chester, Ark.—Mrs. Ella Wood.
Ocilla, Ga.—Mrs. T. A. Cribb.
Pendleton, Ind.—Mrs. May Marshall, R. R. 44.
Cambridge, Neb.—Mrs. Nellie Moslander.

Painful Periods.

Goshen, Ala.—Mrs. W. T. Dalton, Route No.
Chicago, Ill.—Mrs. Wm. Tully, 465 Ogden
Paw Paw, Mich.—Mrs. Emma Draper.
Flushing, Mich.—Mrs. Burt Loyd, R. F. D. No. 3; care of D. A. Sanborn.
Coffeeville, Miss.—Mrs. S. J. Jones.
Cincinnati, Ohio.—Mrs. Flora Ahr, 1262 Rose Street.
Cleveland, Ohio.—Miss Lizzie Steiger, Fleet Avenue, S.E.
Wesleyville, Pa.—Mrs. Maggie Ester, R.F.D.
Dyersburg, Tenn.—Mrs. Lue Hilliard, R.R.
Hayfield, Va.—Mrs. Mayme Windle.

Irregularity.

Herrin, Ill.—Mrs. Chas. Folkel.
Winchester, Ind.—Mrs. May Deal.
Dyer, Ind.—Mrs. Wm. Oberloh, R. F. D. No.
Baltimore, Md.—Mrs. W. S. Ford, 1283 Ladowne Street.
Roxbury, Mass.—Mrs. Francis Merkle, 13 Fl Street.
Clarksdale, Mo.—Miss Anna Wallace.
Guysville, Ohio.—Mrs. Ella Michael, R.F.D.
Dayton, Ohio.—Mrs. Ida Hale, Box 26, National Military Home.
Lebanon, Pa.—Mrs. Harry L. Rittle, 233 Lman Street.
Sykes, Tenn.—Minnie Hall.
Detroit, Mich.—Mrs. Louise Jung, 332 Chestnut St.

Ovarian Trouble.

Vincennes, Ind.—Mrs. Syl. B. Jerauld, 808 Tenth Street.
Gardiner, Maine.—Mrs. S. A. Williams, R. D. No. 14; Box 39.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Mrs. Chas. Boell, 2407 Garnet Street.
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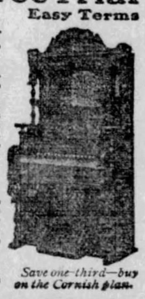

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To the advice of Mae Edna Wilder followed there will be no more fat folks in a short time. She took off many pounds of superfluous flesh in less than six weeks, and removed her double chin in two weeks, by a treatment of her own discovery, and she seriously offers to tell anyone about it who is sufficiently interested to write her. By her method there is nothing to take internally, no face creams or body bandages to be worn, no exercise or dieting, just a simple, harmless home treatment that you can use in your own room without the knowledge of your most intimate friends, and as if by magic your fat gradually disappears without inconvenience to you of any kind. She has written a book intensely interesting and fleshy people, and she will give away ten thousand copies absolutely free. The book tells all about her wonderful treatment, and she sends with it sworn affidavits to back up her claims. It costs you nothing to find out about this treatment, and if you are a large bust, large hips, large abdomen, a double chin, or superfluous flesh on any part of the body and want to get rid of it quickly, write her at once for a copy of the free book before the present edition is exhausted, and you will be agreeably surprised and pleased with what she tells you. Her address is Mae Edna Wilder, Suite 408 B, Rochester, N. Y.

PERSIA A WORLD POWER

Dictator Says Country Is Becoming a Great Nation.

Teheran, Persia, Nov. 2.—Persia's strong man today is Mohammed Velhikan, Naser-ez-Sultaneh, prime minister by title and dictator in fact. In any age he would have been remarkable, and no Persian in modern times has rendered so conspicuous service to his country. The correspondent has been favored with an interview with him in which he reviewed the conditions that led to the present government and forecasted for Persia an era of rapid and substantial political progress.

Sipadhar is his title, the equivalent of field marshal in Europe, but meaning much more in such circumstances as the present. He is about 65, but looks younger, and comes of one of the oldest families in the nobility. In early life he was a colonel in the army, but he did not begin to play an important role in politics until his 31st year, when he was appointed general.

His first conspicuous administrative office was as controler of the national mint. The currency of the country was reorganized by him at the time of the depreciation in silver values, with great profit to the exchequer. Then he had charge of the customs, which he managed so well that the treasury was vastly enriched. He devised a financial system, still operative, which saved the credit of the country abroad and averted widespread ruin in the recent revolution.

Later, as the governor of the province of Gilan, he built highways and converted the province from one of the poorest to one of the richest. The people liked the improvements that brought them prosperity, but not the taxes, and the government recalled him and made him a field marshal. That was his position at the outbreak of the revolution, and to his commanding influence the country owes the evolution in affairs that is to modernize Persia.

People Demanded a Change.

The correspondent asked the Sipadhar if he thought the people were reconciled to the new order of affairs.

"Reconciled!" he exclaimed. "There was no need of reconciliation. The people demanded the new order. It was they who brought the changes about.

"You may have been thinking in your question to the resistance to my advance upon the capital at the time of the revolution; but that was so slight that the revolution may be said to have been bloodless. It was not opposed in the capital, except by a few servants of a tyrant who felt that they must fight to save their lives. Yet, as soon as we were in possession of Teheran I retained in his place the commander of the deposed ruler's troops to maintain public order, although he was supposed to be the head of the opposition to our advance."

"Must you not guard against further revolution, similar to the upheaval in Turkey a few months ago?" the correspondent asked.

"Indeed not," was the quick reply. "Our reaction took place three years ago, when the exiled tyrant attempted to abolish the constitution, with the result now known to the world. Turkey is composed of many races and creeds, of whom there are hardly two alike in sentiment, customs and traditions. That is why it would take Turkey a longer time to have a thorough housecleaning and a permanent, stable, modern government than it would take Persia, whose people almost without exception are of one common stock, speaking the same language, having the same traditions and customs, and most of them of the same creed."

Questioned about the fate of the high functionaries who made up the coterie of the exiled monarch, he replied that it was not the policy of the reformed government to be vindictive, and yet for the sake of the public safety those people had been sentenced to discipline which compared with their offences had been indeed very lenient.

COTTON BULLS WIN $6,000,000

Great Profits Cause Drop of Fifty Points.

New York, Nov. 6.—In the financial district report was current that the Patten-Brown party, who have been behind the great bull movement in the cotton market for the past few months, had divided among themselves $6,000,000 within the last 48 hours, and that this profit taking accounts for the decline of 50 points in cotton.

None of the members of the Patten-Brown party seen would discuss the report. A reliable authority roughly estimates the paper profits of the Patten-Brown crowd at $13,500,000. Upon this basis it is evident that something less than half the net profits of their deal has been divided.

The persons who participated in the distribution of the profits are James A. Patten, W. P. Brown, F. B. Hoyne, E. G. Scales and Mr. Rothschild. This is Rothschild's first year as an operator in the New York cotton exchange.

REBELS DRIVEN BACK

Zelaya's Army Twice Defeats Revolutionists.

Washington, Nov. 3.—Two victories are claimed over the revolutionary troops by President Zelaya of Nicaragua in dispatches sent to Senor Rodriguez, charge d'affaires of the Nicaraguan legation in this city.

The first cablegram said that the revolutionary troops had abandoned Guapinol, on the Rama river, upon the approach of the regular forces. It was stated in the second dispatch that the revolutionary following had been defeated at the mouth of the San Carlos river and that the government troops had started on a march to San Juan del Norte.

The first authentic information that any of the Central American states had openly taken sides in the revolutionary movement in Nicaragua reached the state department yesterday. It seems to indicate that Honduras has espoused the cause of the Zelaya government.

In a telegram it is said that the representatives of the Laguna de Perlas Fruit Co., an American concern, had complained to the legation at Tegucigalpa, Honduras, that the government of Honduras has detained a gasoline launch, the property of the company—which flew the Nicaraguan flag—which left Bluefields for Livingston after the revolution had started for Puerto Cortes for fuel. Apparently, the dispatch says, the government of Honduras has acted upon the ground that the launch belonged to the Nicaraguan revolutionists. The ship's papers were reported to be regular. It is reported that one Nicaraguan revolutionist was a passenger.

There is an impression that the government of Honduras is very favorable to Zelaya and there are rumors that men, arms and money are being sent from Honduras to his assistance.

CONFESSES TO BIGAMY

Minister Admits He Had Three Wives.

Marion, Ind., Nov. 1.—Rev. Harlan White, 56 years old, who was arrested at his former home near here Saturday and pleaded guilty to bigamy on arraignment, confessed, according to the policet, to having three living wives. His third wife, whom he deserted at Newaygo, Mich., less than two weeks ago, furnished the police with evidence of his bigamous career.

White was on a visit to wife No. 2, who lives at Osgood, Ind., and confessed that he had used the money of his third wife for this purpose. When seached at the police station he had more than $500 in cash. He will be taken to Newaygo this week.

Newaygo, Mich., Nov. 8.—Rev. Harlan White, who was arrested in Marion, Ind., for bigamy, came to Newaygo, October 26 last with his third wife, and started a five and ten-cent store, his wife furnishing the money. A few days ago he sold the business for $500 and deposited the money in his own name in the bank. Then he left here, telling his wife he was going to look up another location. He had arranged so that he could draw the money after he left. His wife became suspicious and, learning of his money plan, she notified her brother in Chicago. He came here and she returned to Chicago with him.

White married his third wife in Arkansas last February. She was a widow with 11 children, but had been left $3,000 by her former husband, and the interest on $5,000 more. He gave his wife to understand that he was going to Zeeland when he left.

CURED ITCHING HUMOR

Big, Painful Swellings Broke and Did Not Heal—Suffered 3 Years.

TORTURES YIELD TO CUTICURA

"Little black swellings were scattered over my face and neck and they would leave little black scars that would itch so that I couldn't keep from scratching them. Larger swellings would appear and my clothes would stick to the sores. I went to a doctor, but the trouble only got worse. By this time it was all over my arms and the upper part of my body in swellings as large as a dollar. It was so painful that I could not bear to lie on my back. The second doctor stopped the swellings, but when they broke the places would not heal. I bought a set of the Cuticura Remedies and in less than a week some of the places were nearly well. I continued until I had used three sets, and now I am sound and well. The disease lasted three years. O. L. Wilson, Puryear, Tenn., Feb. 8, 1908."

Potter Drug & Chem Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

DRINKING ON INCREASE

Prohibition Wave Has Had No Apparent Effect on Consumption.

Washington, Nov. 4.—Government officials in the internal revenue department are puzzled to know what is being done with all the whisky that is being taken from bond. Although it is the common opinion of those who have observed life in the large cities that public drinking is not near as prevalent as it used to be, the strange fact remains that the consumption of whiskey is steadily on the increase, and that, too, at a rate out of proportion to the growth of population.

Inasmuch as the farmers are not using whiskey as a liquid fertilizer for their crops, and inasmuch, also, as there is no record of the substitution of whiskey for gasoline as a motive power for automobiles, the suspicion is strong in the minds of government experts that the American people are not paying any too much attention, privately, to the prohibition wave that was supposed to be sweeping over the country. Whether the actual per capita consumption is much larger than usual cannot yet be accurately determined, but certain it is that Bradstreets' and other commercial agencies report a substantial increase in the revenues of sales made by whiskey dealers.

Curiously enough the annual report of the Distilleries Securities coroporation for the year ended June 30 last published this week shows that despite the activity of the prohobition propaganda, the withdrawals of whiskey for the period covered in the report largely increased. Other statistical facts are adduced to prove this. Returns made to the commissioner of internal revenue show that the average annual withdrawals of whiskey from bond for the last several years were 112,332,110 gallons, whereas the withdrawals in the fiscal year just passed were 134,901,408 gallons—the largest ever recorded. The question is what was it withdrawn for? To drink, say the experts.

In 1908 the withdrawals fell to 119,703,594, but that was on account of the panic rather than unfavorable legislation, say the experts. The American people certainly have been good to the whiskey trust. The profits in the first year were 10 per cent more than in the year previous. The whiskey salesmen all over the country are walking around with prosperity smiles on their faces. Their reports indicate no unprecedented consumption of their staple product for 1909.

Most of the whiskey now being drank is of the stomach-biting, high-wine sort. It is "green," lacks age and under the pure food law, taxes the ingenuity of the cleverest fakirs in the business to give it the necessary color, taste and smoothness without disclosing to the guillible drinkers the nature and extent of the adulterants.

DOESN'T DENY CHURCH

Mrs. Stetson Is Loyal to Science, She Says.

New York, Nov. 8.—Annoyance at a headline in a morning paper, which read "Mrs. Stetson's Followers Defy the Mother Church," prompted Mrs. Augusta E. Stetson, the former reader of the First Church of Christ, Scientist, to write her own newspaper story and her own headlines. The latter read:

"Mrs. Stetson's Answer. Declares Her Loyalty to the Mother Church. Emphatically Denies Mr. Strickler's Interpretations of Her Teachings."

These captions appear on a four-page typewriteen statement which Mrs. Stetson's secretary distributed in her home on Central Park West, adjoining the church of which she was the recent leader, and from which position she was deposed because of alleged "mental malpractice." Of this charge she was acquitted by a board of inquiry, and the verdict of exoneration was indorsed last week by the congregation of the church, but the controversy continues.

Mrs. Stetson reaffirms her allegiance to the mother church, saying: "I wish to state here most emphatically that I do not deny the mother church, neither do my followers."

Answering the charges that she had attempted to invoke evil by thought upon the heads of certain persons, she says of Virgin O. Strickler, the present first reader and her opponent:

"I was surprised that he seemingly could not grasp the metaphysical point that there is a difference between mental malpractice and self-defense. I will give as an illustration what I understand the difference to be between mental malpractice and indispensable defense or self-protection.

"If I felt sure that I was being attacked, either ignorantly or maliciously, by any person, I should fill my thought with the qualities of God, truth and love, which alone render one invincible to whatever proceeds from the carnal mind. From this fortress of defense should speak to the person, addressing him by name, and then speak to the error which might be operating through the human mind, for which he has been an avenue.

"Then I should declare that malicious animal magnetism in all its phases and forms was powerless to work through his human personality, using him as an avenue to injure me or anyone, or to hinder the progress of Christian Science. It is the superiority of spiritual power over material sense and is not malpractice."

There was an unusually large attendance at the First church yesterday, evidently in anticipation of some development in the controversy involving Mrs. Stetson and Strickler, who was a witness against Mrs. Stetson at Boston. It was announced after the service that there would be a special meeting November 15 "to take up the matter of the meeting November 4." This was the meeting which upheld Mrs. Stetson.

New Invention!

FOR THE HOME

Air Now Does All the Work

Cleans Carpets, Rugs, Mattings, etc. on the floor, by the Vacuum Process

The Home Vacuum Cleaner WEIGHS FOUR POUNDS

Operated by child or weakly woman. Air is drawn through body and fibre of carpet at terrific speed. Carries all dust, dirt, grit, germs, etc., into the Cleaner. No dust in room, it all goes into Cleaner. Supersedes broom, brush, sweeper, dust pan and dust cloth. Cleans, Sweeps and Dusts in one operation. Keeps house clean, does away with housecleaning. Portable, dustless, always ready. Adapted to every home—rich or poor—city, village or country. Does same work as expensive machines. Costs nothing to operate—costs nothing for repairs. Light, neat, well and durably made—should last a lifetime. Saves time, labor, carpets, curtains, furniture. Saves drudgery, saves health, saves money. Saves taking up and beating carpets. The Home Cleaner is truly a wonder. Astonishes everybody; customers all delighted and praise it. They wonder how they ever did without it.

$6.00

Not Sold in Stores

Lady had matting too old to take up—Home Cleaner saved it—Cleaned it on floor.

Others write: "Would not do without it for many times its cost." Another says: "Ten year old girl keeps everything clean." Another: "Never had house so clean." Another: "Carpets and rugs so clean baby can play without getting dust and germs." Another: "It works so easy; just slide nozzle over carpet, it draws all the dirt into the Cleaner—not a particle of dust raised." So they run, hundreds and thousands of letters praising, without a complaint. To try a Home Cleaner means to want it—then keep it. The size is right—weight is right—price is right. Simple, neat, handsome, durable and easily operated. All put together ready for use when you receive it.

SENT ANYWHERE FOR ONLY $6

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Every one tested before shipping—guaranteed as represented or money refunded. Write today; or better, send order. You won't regret it.

FREE SAMPLE TO ACTIVE AGENTS

Agents make money easy, quick, sure. Spare or all time. Men or women. Experience unnecessary. Women made $12.00 profit one evening. R. W. Went, Neb., says: "Cleared $1,545.00 last month." M. Goodman, Kan., writes—"Made $2,000.00 in four months." So it goes all along the line—I have records are not uncommon. Sales easy, profits big, generous. Show one in operation. People want it, must have it; when they see it they buy. How they sell! Show ten families, sell 8. Write today. Send postal card for full description and agents' plan. Name choice of territory. Act quick.

Address R. Armstrong Mfg. Co.
Alms Bldg. 268 Cincinnati, Ohio

HUMAN MIND WORKS FAST IN FACE OF DEATH PERIL

Boston, Mass., Nov. 4.—Two men were sitting at a table in a restaurant discussing various psychological phenomena. Both were professional men and familiar with the technical as well as the popular side of the subject they were reviewing, which was the concentration of the attention when face to face with death.

"One often hears wonderful stories of the instant review of the events of a lifetime experienced by drowning persons or those who are in danger of imminent death," remarked the elder of the two, "but I have always been a little sceptical about the possibility of such a complete revival of the memory and the condensation of the events of a lifetime into the minute and a half that it takes to drown."

"But," objected the other, "it has fallen to my lot on two separate occasions to be thoroughly convinced of the rapidity of thought which is possible when one is face to face with death. Instead of a rapid and extensive review of past events I have found my thoughts concentrated on one fixed idea always immediately connected with the danger in which I was placed.

Swam Down, Not Up.

"My first experience of the kind was in the River Shannon, when I was learning to swim. I had taken only a few lessons in shallow water, when, being in a rowboat on the river with two others, one, a Mr. Brown, who was a very fine swimmer, and proposed that we should take a swim. A Mr. Smith stayed in the boat to guide it.

"After I had tried a few strokes, staying close to the boat, I would grasp the stern and rest myself. Mr. Brown, who did not know I could not swim, got behind the boat and gave it a good push ahead as I reached for the stern after one of my efforts, and I went down.

"Not knowing anything about swimming except the stroke I had no idea of the movements necessary to bring me to the surface, so I persisted calmly in using the regular breast stroke. This, of course, carried my head down every time I extended my arms, and the natural consequence was that nothing came to the surface but my fingers. Had I brought my hands down to my side of course I should have come to the top at once.

"The water being very muddy in this part of the river and the current very swift, it was extremely difficult for Mr. Smith to locate me, although Mr. Brown stood up in the boat and pointed out the place where my hands came up last. By the time Mr. Brown got to the spot and dived my erroneous notions about swimming had carried me a yard or two away, just enough for him to miss me.

"As I went down for the traditional third time Mr. Smith noticed that my fingers were quite limp and that the stroke had ceased. Fortunately for me it had, because after a final dive and failure to reach me Mr. Brown happened to touch with his foot what he took to be a half sunken sod of turf, many of which float down the Shannon under the surface. Instinctively he made another dive and got his hand upon it, only to find that he had hold of the hair of my head.

Kept Up Breast Stroke.

"This is what went on above the surface as I learned later. Under the water there was only one idea in my mind, and that was whether or not Mr. Smith, who was sitting in the boat rowing, had noticed that I had gone down. Mr. Smith, I knew, had his back to me.

"As long as I retained consciousness I kept up the breast stroke with the precision of a drill movement. During the whole time, even when the water began to trickle into my ears with a soft musical sound and I felt myself swallowing it in large quantities, there was no review of any past life. No fear of death, no thought of the future ever entered my mind for a moment; nothing but a constant effort of the memory to recall whether or not Mr. Smith was looking my way when I went under and a desperate effort to determine by some process of reasoning what he would probably do if he saw me sink.

"In this case there was no idea of death, no realization of imminent danger even, and therefore the thoughts must have been normal, as I must have been conscious for nearly two minutes. But now let me turn to another case, in which I had to face instant and apparently certain death in a rather peculiar way:

"Being an architect's assistant, it was my duty to measure buildings which were to be altered or enlarged, and one windy day I went to see one of these, which was a three story and basement brick house, with the usual area and railings in front of it. Adjoining this was a little higher building, and it was necessary for me to get the exact dimensions of the brick wall and chimney that projected above the roof of the house I was measuring.

Clinging to Skylight.

"I found a very large and heavy skylight in the attic which required all my strength to push it up and out to open. It was held open by a pivoted stick of wood, and by climbing through the opening I saw that I could stretch myself out on the roof, and by holding fast to the edge of the skylight opening with my right hand, I could reach out with my left and measure the gable wall with my six-foot measuring rule.

"I was sprawled out in this manner, face down on the slate roof, with my left arm and the rule extended at full length, when I suddenly became conscious that the wind had shaken the skylight loose from the stick that held it open, and that it was falling shut. If I did not withdraw my hand instantly it would catch and crush it. If I pulled my hand loose I would slide down the slate roof to the street below.

"When I first noticed that the support had given way the skylight had already begun its descent and it had not more than four feet to fall. During the time that it fell those four feet I had ample time to review the consequences of losing my right hand if I held on and the reverse of falling three stories if I let go. There was nothing at the edge of the roof but a little half-round gutter, held up by a few holdfasts.

"It occurred to me that it might be possible to pull out my right and insert my left, as it would be better to lose my left hand than my right. I also discussed with myself the possibility of being able to hold my place if I withdrew two or three fingers and sacrificed the others; but I concluded that they would probably be cut clean off by the edge of such a heavy skylight and that I would slide down to the street anyway.

"This idea of the insufficiency of mangled fingers to support my weight on such a sloping roof suggested that it might be better to stick my arm into the opening and that perhaps the injury to it might not be so severe as to require amputation. I distinctly remember trying to recall whether the muscles should be firm or relaxed and thought it best to hold them firm.

"As well as I can remember, the outcome of my deliberations was a determination to change hands and to sacrifice the left instead of the right. I had no sooner come to this conclusion than it struck me that there would not be time to make the change, and that I might lose my hold altogether. It seemed to me that I had already changed my opinion as to the respective merits of the two hands at least a dozen times.

"All this time, remember, the skylight was sliding shut. As I look back at it it seems incredible that I did not spend at least half an hour thinking over the pros and cons of the situation, but it must have been less than a fifth of a second. My final resolve was a determination to hold on, as there was no time to change hands, and to trust to the shreds of my mangled fingers to hold me on the roof.

"This I succeeded in doing, but I am amazed, even now when I consider with what lightning rapidity my mind worked that day."

STANDARDIZE DEGREES

Ohio College Presidents Favor New Law.

Columbus, Nov. 6.—Uniform minimum standards for all colleges in the state granting academic degrees is the object of the action taken Friday by the Ohio presidents and deans' association in session here toward securing the appointment of a commission by the governor for the purpose of framing such legislation.

At their meeting at the Chittenden which, with Attorney General Denman, will draft a bill providing for such a commission to be introduced at the coming sesion of the legislature next January. The association hopes through this legislation to abolish the practice of selling degrees and establish higher standards of scholarship in the educational institutions of the state.

President Herbert S. Welch, of Ohio Wesleyan university, presided at the meeting, and Dean J. E. Harry, of the University of Cincinnati, was secretary. Others present were President A. B. Church, of Buchtel college, Dean J. H. Dickerman of Wooster university, President Clippinger, of Otterbein college, Dean W. L. Chubb of Ohio university. School Commissioner W. H. Zeller, Attorney General Denman, Representative S. D. shankland of Lake county, and Senator A. B. Tuttle were also present and gave their approval and assistance to the movement.

There are now 55 institutions in the state giving academic degrees. Of these only 22 have such standards of scholarship that they have been admitted to the Ohio association of colleges. Legislation such as is propsed would force many of the remaining institutions either to raise their standards or stop giving degrees.

MEETS HER PRINCE CHARMING

Rumor Has It That "Billy" Burke Is Badly Smitten.

San Francisco, Nov. 4.—Has "Billy" Burke, the attractive little actress, who is said to have trampled on the hearts of more men in the score or so years of her existence than the average woman accomplishes in a lifetime, fallen at last a victim to the little blind god?

Rumor says she has, and adds the further interesting details, that the wooer is none other than a University of California freshman, Lee Burdett Wescott.

The romance is said to have had its inception when the actress was charming audiences nightly at the MacDonough theatre in this city a few weeks ago. Wescott was, it is said, her constant shadow then, and was still with her when the troup arrived in Sacramento, where he was joined by his mother and stepfather, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hancock. The company is playing in Portland now and there Wescott, it is said, is still storming the citadel. Wescott is 22 years old, so is Miss Burke.

GOVERNOR STAYS LYNCHING

Gets Negroes Charged With Terrible Crime Safely Out of Town.

Gassaway, W. Va., Nov. 5.—The residents of this town awoke today to find that the two negroes under arrest in connection with the brutal assault on Mrs. Albert Lockhold, had been taken from the jail, placed aboard a special train and started for the county prison at Sutton, W. Va.

Before 6 o'clock this morning the negroes, surrounded by national guardsmen from Sutton, and deputy sheriffs, and accompanied by Governor Glasscock, members of his staff and the mayor of this place, departed from here. By using unfrequented thoroughfares the large party reached the tracks of the coal and coke railroad without trouble. Here a special train of work cars was in waiting, and about an hour later, when the track had been cleared giving the special right of way, the trip to Sutton, the county seat, was made.

FREE TREATMENT FOR HEART DISEASE

We are giving away ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE a regular full course of our world famous treatment for the Heart and Nerves, also our fine illustrated book, telling all about the causes of these diseases and how they can be permanently cured. BOTH FREE—to all who are troubled with Palpitation, Fluttering or Skipping Beats of the Heart, Headache, Short Breath, Dropsy, Asthma, Stomach and Kidney Trouble (often caused by weak Heart), Constipation, Dizziness, Nosebleed, Numbness, Sinking Spells, Pain in Heart, Side, or Shoulder-Blade, Nervousness, Trembling, Twitching, Nightmare, or a general weak, vital-less, run-down condition.

Directing Advisor Clearwater.

If you have any of these sure symptoms, something's wrong with your Heart, and this fine treatment is just what you need.

Six out of every ten persons have Heart Disease! Sixty thousand people die of it every year. They doctor the Stomach, Kidneys, or Female Organs when all the time it's really the Heart that's causing all the trouble, and that's daily getting worse though they don't even suspect it.

Lots of people make this mistake, they say, "It don't amount to anything—it's my stomach, I guess—it will go away of itself," and some day all of a sudden they drop dead of Heart Disease, just as you read about every day.

Don't take any more chances, no matter what you may think your trouble is, no matter if some common doctor has said you can't be cured; be fair to yourself, give us a chance, and write today for this complete course of free treatment and book. We will send both by mail in plain package, securely sealed, post paid, and there will be

NO CHARGE WHATEVER

for it in any way. Please remember, this isn't just a little "sample" or "trial," neither is it "patent medicine," but a generous, genuine, course of treatment, and it's yours gladly and freely, just for the asking—because we want to show you without cost what it will do.

It has cured—we don't mean just helped, but cured—thousands of cases of Heart Disease—many of which had been pronounced hopeless.

Don't let this chance go by—accept our offer NOW! It's made in all sincerity and friendliness from our true desire to send this free help to every sufferer who needs it.

Our offer is absolutely, completely HONEST, as the Publisher of this paper will gladly tell you.

Answer all our questions carefully, yes or no, being sure to give your age. Then write your full name and address plainly in the Coupon cut out on the heavy black lines and mail to us today. If you wish to write a letter telling us more about your case, you may do so. We will send you the full course of free Treatment and Book at once.

Address,

HEART CURE CO.,
(Associated Specialists in Heart Disease.)
331 Masonic Building, Hallowell, Maine.

FREE TREATMENT COUPON

Heart Cure Co., Associated Specialists in Heart Disease,
331 Masonic Building, Hallowell, Maine.

I have answered the questions below. Please send me postpaid and entirely free of charge, your course of treatment for my case, also your free book.

What is your age?
How long have you had Heart Trouble?
Does your Heart palpitate, flutter or miss beats?
Can you lie on your left side?
Are you short of breath?
Do your feet, legs or ankles swell?
Are you weak, nervous, irritable?
Do you feel all tired out and run down?
Have you Dyspepsia, Indigestion, gas in stomach?
Constipation or Liver Trouble?
Have you Rheumatism?
Have you Kidney Trouble, much pain in Kidneys?
Have you any other troubles?

NAME.....
State plainly Mr., Mrs. or Miss
ADDRESS.....
.....

MADE HERO FOR A DAY

Laborer, Just Naturalized, Feted by Society.

St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 6.—Paul Reps, immigrant laborer from Russia, was the guest of honor today at a naturalization celebration given at his request by several women whose names come at the top of the St. Louis social register.

Reps had challenged the patriotism of the social leaders, and the women made him their hero for a day. Two weeks ago he wrote to Mrs. W. K. Kavanaugh, wife of the president of the Lake to the Gulf Deep Waterways association, informing her that he would become a citizen Nov. 5, and asking her whether she could arrange with her friends for a celebration in his honor on the greatest day of his life.

Mrs. Kavanaugh investigated and was told that Reps had spent $12 for court fees and was willing to expend $15 for a hall where Mrs. Kavanaugh and her friends could meet him.

The use of a hall with a pipe organ was procured free by Mrs. Kavanaugh. Reps, an employe of the St. Louis & San Francisco railroad, and Mrs. Reps and their three children were in the hall early. Among others who attended were Mrs. F. H. Kreisman, wife of the mayor of St. Louis; Mrs. Edward L. Preetorious, wife of a newspaper publisher, and Mrs. Wallace C. Capen. While Reps was the guest of honor, he requested his hostesses to sing America and other patriotic songs. They were sung by the social leaders, and bugle calls and war songs followed.

In his letter to Mrs. Kavanaugh, Reps wrote:

"I want to be a good patriot, good citizen, and this event in my life I want to remember and have as something great. Old Russia for me are dead. Is it possible for $10 or $15 for us to hear in respectable manner and place, to hear once singing America, Banner of Country, or other American patriotic song and even accompanied by fine music.

"We think it very bad and disgrace as mostly immigrants in such event, induced by politicians to take naturalization, drink much beer, use bad language and fight."

ROBBERS GET $14,000

Knock Down Cashier of Express Office.

Niagara Falls, Ont., Nov. 5.—Two men walked into the office of the Canadian Express Co. yesterday afternoon, while the agent and his assistants were loading a car outside, and after felling William Dobson, the cashier, with one blow from a billy, picked up an express package containing $14,165 in cash and departed.

When they left the office all trace of them was lost. The police have been prosecuting a vain search ever since, but the chances of apprehending the pair of robbers are small, as the descriptions they have thus far obtained are meager.

Dobson was alone when the two men entered the office. One asked if a trunk had arrived for him. As Dobson stooped over to get his "on hand" book, one of the men reached over the counter and hit him behind the ear with a sandbag or a piece of gas pipe. Five minutes later Dobson was found by R. B. Brown lying unconscious on the floor in a pool of blood. He did not recover consciousness for about an hour and was then unable to give a good description of the two men.

The robbery had evidently been carefully planned and the habits of the station employes closely studied. All the men working near Cashier Dobson had something to do upon the arrival or departure of a train which called them out on the station platform. The attack was made just as a train thundered into the little station and the employes were walking out to meet it.

The money stolen was from the Imperial bank branches in this city and territory and was bound for Toronto and Buffalo banks. Inspector W. H. Mains, of the provincial police, and six of his men were working on the case within half an hour, but found no trace of the men, who are described as foreigners, though the man who spoke to Dobson used good English.

WRECKAGE COMES ASHORE

Probably Part of Steamer Lost in July.

Capetown, Nov. 5.—A quantity of charred wreckage, including bits of the deck house, have been washed ashore near Port Alfred on the southeast coast of Cape Colony. There are some indications that the wreckage is from the British steamer Waraah, which, with 500 passengers and a cargo of metal and wool, has never been heard from since she sailed from Port Natal on July 14 for London.

A Physician Cures His Wife Of Consumption

It Costs You Nothing to Try the Same Treatment.

Gentlemen:

"My wife was down with Consumption when I ordered a bottle of Aicsol (Lloyd). She was very weak from night sweats, cough and in a feverish condition. I noticed a change for the better after ten days' treatment and from that time on up to three months when the cure was completed. Aicsol (Lloyd) kills the Tubercle Bacillus in the blood and tissue and it is the only remedy so far discovered that will do this. It is a preventative as well as a cure. It should be used by those who are run down or those who fear the approach of Consumption. It can be truthfully said that Aicsol (Lloyd) for the

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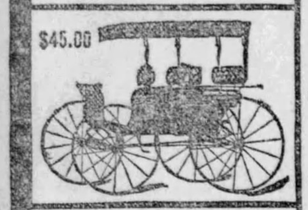
We want men who are not actively engaged in business to act as our agents. We pay liberal cash commissions. Write for our catalogue and full particulars.



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Buggies
Only $10. Cash.
Balance $5 a month. Warranted for 3 years.

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Only $25. Cash.
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Farm Wagons
Only $15. Cash.
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for spot cash. 10 to 50% more money for you to ship Raw Furs and Hides to us than to sell at home. Write for Price List, Market Report, Shipping Tags, and about our

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Every man who reads this advertisement can dress in the heighth of fashion. *Our liberal terms* enables anyone to wear fine clothes. Send us your name and address and we will send you our new Fall and Winter Illustrated Catalogue, showing the largest selection of men's fine made-to-measure clothes ever shown by any concern. It will also show the very latest styles and designs in man-tailored Suits and Overcoats, Hats, Trousers, etc., and all at prices a great deal less than your local dealer can sell for cash.

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SEND NO MONEY, just your name and address and we will send you a pair of these fine CAMPBELL ADJUSTABLE SHEARS by mail for a FREE Trial. Use them for 10 days and if you find them a great bargain and the easiest cutting shears you ever used, send us 69c in full payment. If not entirely satisfied return them. Greatest invention of the age. Made of finest steel, 8 inch size, highly nickel plated. Guaranteed 10 years. Every woman should have pair. STANLEY CAMPBELL & CO., 502-21 E. 51st Street, CHICAGO

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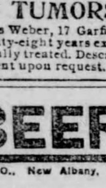


Completes this furnace ready for use. Send sketch of house and we will make prices to surprise. Catalog free.
Great Bell Furnace Works, Northville, Mich.

ENDS 53 YEARS' SEA SERVICE

First Command, 150-Ton Schooner; Last, 3,900-Ton Steamer.

New York, Nov. 4.—Captain John Pritchard, commodore of the Cunard line, who began his 53 years' service at sea in a 150-ton schooner and who ends it in command of the 39,000-ton steamship Mauretania, announced, upon sailing for Liverpool, that he had handed in his resignation to the Cunard line. He said that he did not expect to bring the ship back on her next voyage.

As the big liner was back out of her berth in the Hudson the longshoremen waved their caps and cheered the veteran captain in farewell. He is 63 years old and has served 30 years in the Cunard service.

$3.50 Recipe Cures Weak Men -- Free

Send Name and Address Today —You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So, I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor-failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man, anywhere, who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest-acting, restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so, cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3655 Luck Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of the splendid receipt in a plain, ordinary envelope, free of charge. A great many doctors would charge $3.00 to $5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this—but I send it entirely free.

WOMAN FLIES FOR LAHM CUP

Girl Starts for Fifty Hours' Aerial Voyage.

St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 4.—Smiling down upon scores of friends and waiving them many farewells, Miss Julia Hoerner, the first woman to attempt to lift the Lahm Cup, sailed from here yesterday at 5:14 p. m., with John Berry, pilot, in the 78,000 cubic-foot balloon Melba III.

Berry and Miss Hoerner expect to remain in the air 50 hours or more, for they think they will encounter air conditions such as will make their trip a question of endurance.

At a height of 150 feet Miss Hoerner waived a final farewell to the crowd and turned to her duties—to win the Lahm cup from Holland Forbes, who, with Max C. Fleischmann as aid, won it October 13. Berry and Miss Hoerner will have to beat the record of 7814 miles.

PEARY'S CLAIMS ENDORSED

National Geographic Society Votes Him a Gold Medal.

Washington, Nov. 3.—Commander Robert E. Peary was today voted a gold medal by the National Geographic society for having reached the North Pole. The board of managers of the society, at a meeting today, accepted unanimously the report of its sub-committee of scientists, who had examined the explorer's records and proofs, and found them to be conclusive of his claim that he had reached the Pole.

NOTED OLD ENGINEER DIES

Tatem Parsons Ran the "John Bull" Locomotive.

Camden, N. J., Nov. —Tatem Parsons, the first engine[er] of the famous locomotive, "John [Bull]," died here yesterday. He was 90 years old. Besides having been the first man to handle the throttle of the famous engine, now in the National Museum at Washington, Mr. Parsons was the oldest locomotive engineer in this country.

His name will always be linked with the "John Bull," for which he had an affection that caused him to periodically visit the National Museum. The attendants there knew him well and he was always permitted to climb over the old locomotive. He would examine her machinery as closely as he did when she was the wonder of the country in 1831.

NEBRASKA STAYS IN LINE

Returns Show Republican Ticket Has Been Elected.

Omaha, Neb., Nov. 5.—Seventy Nebraska counties complete, with incomplete returns from some of the remaining counties, indicate the Republican judicial ticket will be elected. The totals received give a plurality for Judge Fawcett, low man for the Republicans, over Sullivan, high man for the Democrats, of 1,559. The remaining counties, basing the estimate on the vote two years ago, and making a most liberal allowance for Democratic gains, will not reduce the Republican lead more than 1,000.

LAHM'S FLIGHTS ARE OVER

His Lessons in Airship Navigation Have Been Learned.

Washington, Nov. 5.—Lieut. Frank Lahm, who since aeronautics became a branch of the military service has been the army's star performer with balloons, dirigibles and aeroplanes, has been detached from the school of aviation and ordered to rejoin his regiment.

Lieut. Lahm, a cavalry officer, in six years of service with the balloon corps, has acquired a thorough knowledge of every branch of the practical side of aeronautics. He won the international balloon race in France two years ago. With the number of officers who will take up aviation within the next year, the position held by Lahm as dean of the flying soldiery will cease to exist.

Lieut. Walter F. Jones, of the Sixth cavalry, will succeed Lieut. Lahm in the aeronautic squad.

UCHIDA BECOMES AMBASSADOR

Formal Announcement Is Made of New Appointment.

Washington, Nov. 6.—Baron Gasuya Uchida has just been formally appointed by the Emperor of Japan as his ambassador to the United States, succeeding Baron Kogoro Takahira, who is at present in Tokio on leave of absence. The state department this morning received a cablegram from United States Ambassador O'Brien, at Tokio, announcing the appointment.

ANOTHER NAVAL MONSTER

British Admiralty Have New Ideas for Cruiser-Battleship.

London, Nov. 8.—The newest British Dreadnought-cruiser, Lion, and her sister ship, for which contracts have just been let, will, according to a high authority, be remarkable for their formidable tonnage of 26,350 and speed of 28 knots. These vessels will be 700 feet long, only 62 feet shorter than the Cunard line steamer Lusitania, and will carry eight 12-inch guns. The big warships will cost over $10,000,000 each.

The latest British battleship, the Orion, which is about to be laid down at Portsmouth will be of 22,500 tons.

HYPNOTIC SUBJECT DIES

After Making Numerous Tests, Practitioner Is Unable to Revive Man.

Somerville, N. J., Nov. 9.—Victim of a hypnotic experiment, Robert Simpson is dead and Prof. Arthur Everton, of Newark, the hypnotist, is under arrest and in a state of collapse today.

Simpson was hypnotized at a performance in a theatre here last night. After placing the man in a cataleptic state, the hypnotist performed numerous tests in the presence of the audience to show the thoroughness of his work. When the time came to end the tests, however, Prof. Everton found that his work, to all appearances, had been too thorough. The subject could not be revived.

In a panic, the hypnotist called upon physicians, who, after laboring a long time over Simpson, pronounced him dead.

Notwithstanding this decision the man was taken to a hospital, where Professor Everton and County Physician W. H. Long made efforts to revive him. No results having been obtained after several hours, Everton was arrested. Everton collapsed when he realized the plight he was in.

An autopsy will be performed today, to determine the exact cause of Simpson's edath, which was witnessed by a large audience.

When, at the end of the exhibition, Everton attempted to restore the subject to his normal condition there was not the usual response. Simpson's eyes rolled, his jaw dropped, and he fell heavily over on the floor. No sign of life was afterwards apparent.

Everton said today he was informed that Simpson had been drinking before the experiment was performed.

The authorities granted Everton permission to call in another professional hypnotist from Newark to make a last effort to revive Simpson. A third hypnotist was summoned here from New York by the management of the theatre, and he also will attempt to restore Simpson to life.

SINGER DOESN'T BREAK WILL

Court Decides Against Claims of Madame Nordica.

Cambridge, Mass., Nov. 5.—A decision adverse to Mme. Lillian Nordica, the opera singer, and several of her sisters and cousins, who attempted to break the will of their aunt, Mrs. Vanny F. Allen, of Melrose, was handed down by Judge Rugg in the Massachusetts supreme court today.

Mme. Nordica and the other claimants to Mrs. Allen's estate alleged that the testator had promised to divide her property, valued at $100,000 between them, but in her will she left it for charitable purposes.

Mme. Nordica admitted on the stand that she was furnishing the funds to contest the will.

FREE DEAFNESS CURE.

A remarkable offer by one of the leading ear specialists in this country, who will send two months' medicine free to prove his ability to cure Deafness, head Noises and Catarrh. Address Dr. G. M. Branaman, 1251 Walnut st., Kansas City, Mo.

KEEPS DATA TO ITSELF

Copenhagen Won't Show Cook Records Until Through With Them.

Copenhagen, Nov. 6.—The consistory of the University of Copenhagen today declined to accept the proposal of the National Geographic Society that a committee representing the American body be present when the north polar records of Dr. Cook are first examined. A message was sent to Prof. Willis L. Moore, president of the National Geographic society of Washington, as follows:

"The university cannot accept the offered assistance, taking it for granted that the data and records, after our examination, would be placed at the disposal of other scientific institutions."

NEW TONG WAR IS ON

One Chinaman Is Dying and Another Is Wounded.

New York, Nov. 6.—Lee Gonk, 34 years old, is dying in a hospital with a bullet hole through his lungs, and Hung Chung, 35 years old, had his left hip shattered in a pistol battle in Chinatown, last night, which may develop into a tong war. Charles Lung and Lung Fung, both of the society of the Four Brothers, are held as suspects. Both the wounded are members of the On Leong Tong.

SENATOR ALDRICH IN CHICAGO

Chicago, Nov. 6.—United States Senator Nelson W. Aldrich, chairman of the national monetary commission, arrived here today from Philadelphia. This is his first visit to the west in 20 years. Incidentally the day marks the 68th anniversary of his birth. He will discuss the currency question tonight at a meeting before the Commercial club.

PILES

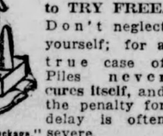
Let Us Send You Our $1.00 3-Fold Absorption Cure TO TRY FREE.

Just Fill Out the Coupon

We want to send every sufferer from this cruel affliction our $1 3-fold Absorption Cure to TRY FREE. Don't neglect yourself; for a true case of Piles never cures itself, and the penalty for delay is often severe.

"There's Relief in Every Package."

Write us now. When the treatment comes, try it—you'll be surprised to see how easy and pleasant it is to use—and then, if you are fully satisfied with the benefit received, send us **One Dollar.** If not, keep your money. **You decide and we take your word. Dr. Van Vleck's 3-fold Treatment** has cured many thousands of pitiful cases, even cases of 30 and 40 years' standing, as well as all the milder stages. No knife, no pain, but quick and lasting relief and cure. The above offer means that we stand ready to convince any sufferer, at our own cost, that Dr. Van Vleck's is the long sought and true cure for one of the worst curses of the human race. Let us convince you.



Mail This $1.00 Coupon

to Dr. Van Vleck Co., Dept. W. B. 46, Jackson, Mich., with these lines plainly filled in:

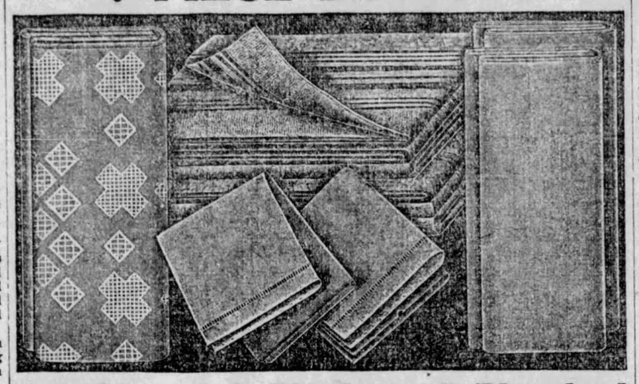
Name.....

Address.....

This Coupon is good for a $1 Treatment TO TRY FREE, as explained above.

FREE! To every Lady Reader this Beautiful and Durable

7-PIECE BED SET



Consists of 2 Blankets, 2 Bleached Sheets, 2 Bleached Pillow Cases and 1° Bed Spread—All Full Size Pieces

Here is an opportunity whereby every woman in the United States can get this useful, expensive, 7-piece Bed Set, **Absolutely Free.** This Bed Set consists of 2 Blankets, 2 Bleached Sheets, 2 Bleached Pillow Cases and 1 large, White Bed Spread—7 full size pieces in all. All we ask is, that you sell a few cans of our Perfection Baking Powder and the Bed Set is yours. You can realize how easily, and with what little effort you can do this, for a full size, cut glass pattern pitcher and 6 glasses are included with each can of Baking Powder, etc., in our offer No. 429. But this is not all. To every lady who sends in her name and address right away we will give in addition, as a Special Premium, **Absolutely Free,** the handsomely designed Parlor Lamp described opposite, with first order. You simply can't realize what a big offer this is until you see these beautiful premiums.

No Money Necessary You risk absolutely nothing. We will pay all freight charges and ship you the Baking Powder and send your Premium with the Baking Powder, and also send the Glass Pitcher and Six Glasses all together, and then we give you time to deliver and collect before remitting to us.

While it is on your mind, cut out coupon, write your name and address on same, so you can get our big Special Premium; also free our Mammoth Catalog and Premium List.

This Parlor Lamp FREE

We are determined to push our Perfection Baking Powder to the front and to get you to help us, we will send with your first order this handsome Decorated Parlor Lamp and is will not cost you a penny. Remember we will send the Lamp in addition to the Bed Set. This Parlor Lamp is 17 in. high with 8 in. decorated globe and all trimmings polished brass. These Lamps are going fast and if you want one write quick.

Fill Out and Mail Coupon Today

HAGOOD MFG. CO.
304 N. Commercial St., St. Louis, Mo.

Gentlemen: Without cost to me, please send at once your Big Free Offer.

Name.....

Post Office.....

County..... State.....

WOULD CUT MILEAGE

Farmers Urge a Reduction for Congressmen.

Raleigh, N. C., Nov. 9.—A reduction in the mileage allowance of members of congress from 10 cents to 5 cents a mile is sought in resolutions adopted by the farmers' national congress.

Legislation to establish four national roads from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the strengthening of the "oleo" law, a law prohibiting railroads from charging a full trip mileage rate in excess of the rates of the states through which the trip extends, the enactment of a postal bank law, increasing the franking privilege to state agricultural schools and colleges for the extension of publication work, were urged in other resolutions.

The congress placed itself on record in favor of the enactment of a law modernizing parcels post system, urged congress to appropriate money for denatured alcohol distilleries at selected agricultural experiment stations and favored government aid to public roads.

Representative Small, of this state, in addressing the congress, told how the agricultural interests of the south would develop through the establishment of inland waterways.

That the unrest of women in farm homes is due to a lack of modern improvements, to colorless monotony attending isolation and to a lack of independent earning powers, was the opinion expressed by Mrs. Alice E. Whitaker, of Washington in a paper read before the congress.

KING FEEDS TENANTS

Monarch of England 68 Years Old Today.

London, Nov. 9.—King Edward today celebrated his sixty-eighth birthday at Sandringham palace, surrounded by most of the members of his family and a few intimate friends. Telegrams of congratulations were received by his majesty from all parts of the world. His health is considerably improved. From early morn the tenantry of Sandringham were feasted by the king and Queen Alexandra, who made a point of personally looking after the wants of their guests.

Admiral Sir John Arbuthnot Fisher, lord commissioner of the admiralty and first principal naval aide-de-camp to the king, was today elevated to the peerage, in connection with King Edward's birthday. Sir John was born in 1841 and entered the British naval service when 13 years of age, working his way up through all the grades to the rank of admiral of the fleet, which he attained in 1905. When the channel fleet was reorganized in 1907, Admiral Fisher had a serious difference with Lord Charles Beresford over its composition. Both the public and members of parliament took sides in the controversy, and it is reported that as a result of the trouble Lord Charles Beresford was forced out of the channel fleet in March last through the activity of the Fisher faction.

Simultaneously with the king's birthday celebration Sir John Knill, the new lord mayor of London, was inaugurated today. The time-honored parade was discarded, its place being taken by a procession of London's citizens, soldiers, naval volunteers, fire brigades and boy scouts through beflagged streets. The only survival of the historic theatrical show was the gilded state chariot of the lord mayor, who Londoners are not yet prepared to see banished to a museum.

NINE KILLED IN EXPLOSION

Employes Stampede to Escapes When Factory Burns.

New York, Nov. 8.—Nine persons were killed and nearly a score of employes injured in an explosion and fire in the comb factory of Robert Morrison & Son, on Columbia street, Brooklyn, today. Ambulances were summoned from several hospitals to care for the injured.

The explosion occurred in the basement of the factory building and the flames spread rapidly, causing the 50 employes to stampede to the fire escapes and roof. Some leaped to the ground and were injured, while others were carried down to safety. Robert Morrison, one of the proprietors, was found badly burned and unconscious in the hallway.

FIVE RAILROAD MEN KILLED

Many Passengers Slightly Injured in Jersey City.

New York, Nov. 6.—Five persons, all railroad employes, were killed, and a score of passengers injured, none, it is believed, seriously, in an accident to Pennsylvania Railroad train No. 104, on the elevated structure in Jersey City, today. The killed were Engineer J. Stifle, Fireman D. K. Mead, and three track laborers. The cause of the accident has not been determined. The wrecked train left Philadelphia at 8:51 o'clock this morning.

CORN YIELD IS BIG

Reports Show It Ahead of Last Year.

Washington, Nov. 8.—The crop reporting board of the department of agriculture today, in a preliminary report gives the indicated total production of corn for 1909 as 2,767,316,000 bushels, against 2,668,651,000 as finally estimated last year, with the quality as $4.2 per cent against 86.2 last year.

The preliminary estimate of the average yield per acre of corn is 25.4 bushels, against 26.2 finally estimated last year. About 3 per cent (79,779,000 bushels) of the crop of 1908 is estimated to have been in farmers' hands on November 1, against 2.7 per cent (71,124,000 bushels) of the 1907 crop in farmers' hands at this time last year.

In Ohio this yield is 39.5; production, 151,443,000 bushels and quality 89 per cent.

The average weight per measured bushel of this year's wheat crop is 58 pounds against 58.3 last year, and of oats 32.7 pounds against 29.8 a year ago.

Buckwheat quality is 91.1 per cent against 90.7 last year, with the preliminary estimate of the average yield per acre 20.8 bushels, against 19.8 bushels in 1908, and a total indicated production of 16,992,000 bushels against 15,874,000 bushels a year ago.

Potatoes showed a quality of 88.9 per cent against 87.6 a year ago, with a total yield per acre of 106.5 bushels, against 85.7 in 1908, an indicated total production of 367,473,000 bushels against 278,985,000 last year.

The quality of tobacco is 86.7 per cent, against 87.9 last year, the preliminary estimate of the average yield per acre is 807.7 pounds, against 820.2 pounds as finally estimated on 1908 and an indicated total production of 895,184,935 pounds against 718,061,000 pounds the final estimate of a year ago.

The average quality of flaxseed is 92.1 per cet, against 91.4 in 1908, the preliminary estimate of the average yield per acre is 9.4 bushels against 9.6 bushels as finally estimated in 1908, and an indicated total production of 25,767,000 bushels against 25,805,000 the final estimate last year.

The average production of apples this year is 42.5 per cent of a full crop, against 43.4 last year.

ASIA GIVES ALFALFA

Wealth-Making Plants Introduced From Orient.

When two regions on different hemispheres possess similar climates there is nearly always a similarity in their native vegetation, and it is a demonstrated fact that many of the the plants native to one of the regions find themselves perfectly at home in the other, says the Pittsburg Live Stock Journal. California conditions are markedly similar to those of the Mediterranean region, so that it is no surprise to find more than fifty plants from the latter region flourishing in California with marvelous vigor. It is conservatively estimated that over 75 per cent of the forage on the California range lands is made up of Mediterranean immigrants, mostly annuals, such as wild oats, bur clover, alfilerilla, brome grasses, fescues, wild barley and many others.

The Great basin and the Columbia basin resemble California in one marked respect—namely, that the summers are dry and the winters wet. Indeed, the principal difference from California lies in the colder winters. The difference has not prevented the introduction and rapid spread of most of the European annuals now so conspicuous in California. It is really little short of amazing how rapidly and extensively some of these plants have occupied the range lands at the expease of the native vegetation.

The conditions in Arizona are not very favorable to the plants that have found California condition so congenial, with the exception of alfilerilla. Another of all old world regions is most like Arizona, and from there, if anywhere, we should expect plants adapted to Arizona conditions.

Western Washington and western Oregon closely approximate in climate the British Isles, and practically everything that thrives in the one region is at home in the other.

The middle and south Atlantic states are similar to Japan and China in climate. It has long been recognized that all Japanese plants, especially ornamentals, thrive in this region perfectly. A number of them are so at home, indeed, that they have literally taken to the woods and behave as natives. Witness the Japanese honeysuckle, Japan clover, allanthus, paulownia and the recently introduced Chinese violet.

The cotton states evidently have much in common with India and southeastern Asia, whence we have obtained cowpeas, crab grass, Bermuda grass, velvet beans and many weeds, and to a less degree with Argentina, where rescue grass, carpet grass, paspalum grass and a number of common southern weeds are native.

Of late years there has been increasing evidence that the high plains of northern Texas resemble the highlands of India. At least practically every plant introduced from the India highlands has succeeded better in the Texas Panhandle than elsewhere in the United States.

The great plains region lying east of the Rocky mountains and west of the one hundredth meridian finds its nearest parallel in climate in Asia. This is the region that gave us alfalfa.

PROBE COOK'S CLAIM

Committee Is Named to Examine Data.

Washington, Nov. 9.—The board of managers of the National Geographic society has appointed the following committee to pass on the question whether the North Pole was discovered before 1909, meaning by that, by Dr. Cook: J. Howard Gore, formerly professor of mathematics, George Washington University; Rear Admiral John E. Pillsbury, of the navy, and Dr. C. Willard Hayes, chief geologist of the geological survey.

A change from the committee which passed on the Peary records is made in accordance with the recommendation of the committee on research of the society and because it was thought that this would be fairer to Dr. Cook.

The committee, it was authoritatively announced, will not go to Copenhagen in the prosecution of its inquiry, but will rely on data obtained otherwise to determine finally whether in the opinion of the members Dr. Cook reached the North Pole on April 21, 1908.

The action of the University of Copenhagen in refusing to permit a committee of the National Geographic society to attend the examination as witnesses merely of Cook's records has caused surprise and regret. Such a courtesy would readily have been granted in the examination of the Peary records, is it said, had the request been made.

Among some of the society there is a feeling that a grave mistake was made by Rear Admiral Chester, one of the committee who examined the Peary records, when in a public speech Saturday night he discredited Dr. Cook's claims to the discovery of the pole.

Prof. Moore, the president of te society, was asked after the meeting today whether the Chester statement would be brought up for official action, but he declined to commit himself.

CONSUMPTIVES' TENEMENTS

New York, Nov. 4.—Plans were filed yesterday for four model six-story tenements, which are to be used for the accommodation of sufferers from tuberculosis.

The tenements are to be erected on the upper East Side at an outlay of $650,000, not including cost of sites, by William K. Vanderbilt.

Roof gardens, open air balconies and other features designed to combat the white plague will make the tenements distinctive and only moderate rentals will be charged. Skilled physicians will have supervision over the little colony.

LOWER WHEAT ACREAGE

Ohio Farmers Plant Less of King Cereal—Corn Gaining.

Ohio's wheat area for the 1910 harvest, as estimated by the official correspondents of the Ohio Department of Agriculture, shows but a small increase over the original area sown for the harvest just past, being reported at 1,721,030 acres, as against 1,711,047 acres las year. The area seeded is such that even though the yield per acre should be far above an average, Ohio can not hope to produce a normal crop. The condition of the growing plant is estimated at 83 per cent., compared with an average. Early sown wheat is in a promising condition, but a greater part of the area was seeded late and on many fields the plant is just appearing above ground, while reports of its poor condition are general over the state. Cool weather has resiously retarded its growth, and should we have an early winter there is grave danger that the plant will not have attained sufficient strength and growth to withstand its rigors.

The statistics on alfalfa show that the total estimated production this year was 12,134 tons in excess of the crop of 1908. The average number of cuttings and the average production per acre are the same as reported last year.

The area seeded to rye is estimated at 53,269 acres, 91 per cent., in comparison with the area seeded for the 1907 harvest.

Corn prospects show an improvement of 3 per cent. during the past month, being estimated at 90 per cent., compared with an average. While some correspondents report that the crop is not husking out as well as anticipated, the results generally as to quality and quantity are most satisfactory, and the total production will exceed that of last year.

The total production of potatoes for the state is estimated at 12,371,015 bushels. Compared with last year this is an increase of approximately 3,000,000 bushels.

The following report indicates the acreage and condition of the crops named, as computed from the returns received from the official crop and live stock correspondents of the department:

Wheat—Area sown last fall as returned by township assessors, 1, 711,047 acres; sown this fall compared with last year, 101 per cent.; estimated area seeded for the harvest of 1909, 1,721,030 acres; condition compared with an average, 83 per cent.; average date of seeding, September 27.

Alfalfa—Area in 1908 as returned by township assessors, 16,236 acres; area compared with last year, 95 per cent.; estimated area in 1909, 15,518 acres; total tons produced per acre from all cuttings, 2; total estimated product for 1909, 43,327 tons; number of cuttings this year, 3.

Rye—Area sown last fall as returned by township assessors, 53,276 acres; sown this fall compared with last year, 91 per cent.; estimated area seeded for the harvest of 1910, 53,269 acres; condition compared with an average, 97 per cent.

Corn—Prospect compared with an average, 90 per cent.

Buckwheat—Prospect compared with an average, 87 per cent.

Clover seed—Prospect compared with an average, 48 per cent.

Potatoes—Area planted as returned by township assessors, 132,013 acres; average product per acre, 94 bushels; total estimated product for 1909, 12,371,015 bushels; affected by rot, 2 per cent.

Hogs—Condition compared with an average, 94 per cent.; number to be fattened compared with 1908, 91 per cent.

Commercial Fertilizers—On what per cent. of wheat ground used, 65 per cent.

"PITY ME!" SHE CRIES

Mme. Steinheil Declares She Is Very Unhappy.

Paris, Nov. 9.—"Have pity on me! I am an unhappy woman who should not be tortured," cried out Mrs. Steinheil on the resumption of her trial here today for the murder of her husband and stepmother. The appeal came during the testimony of the jewelers with reference to the charges of jewelry confided to them by the prisoner, but which she originally claimed had been stolen by the assassins. The prosecuting judge responded that accused persons always repeated that cry when embarrassed for an answer.

Mme. Steinheil admitted anew that she had certain jewels, the gifts of her admirers, melted, but she maintained that this was done to keep the facts of her life from the knowledge of her daughter.

From this point Mme. Steinheil assumed an aggressive attitude which continued during the examination of several witnesses and resulted in a series of lively tilts between her and Judge De Valels. When reproached for having concealed so long from the authorities the fact that she possessed imitation duplicates of her jewels the woman defended her secrecy on the ground that she wished to hide from her friends the real financial condition of the family.

When the journalists testified that Mme. Steinheil was in a state of great depression when she confessed to them that she had placed the pearl in Couillard's pocketbook and then accused Wolf, the prisoner interrupted to declare that the newspaper men had tortured her into speaking, one even having twisted her wrists to make her talk.

ELECTIONS PLEASE WHEELER

Says Sentiment for Temperance Is Shown in Results.

Columbus, Nov. 4.—Wayne B. Wheeler, state superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League, discussing election results, issued this signed statement:

"The results of Tuesday's municipal elections are, on the whole, very satisfactory to the temperance people of the state. The victories in Marion, Washington C. H., Gallipolis, Conneaut and some of the larger cities like Columbus are a few of the many that are especially gratifying.

"In most of the dry cities and villages both candidates had pledged themselves to the enforcement of the law. In a few places we lost, but that was to be expected. The elections show clearly that public sentiment is growing stronger each year for the enforcement of law."

Mr. Wheeler would not discuss county option for Franklin county but is known to be opposed to hasty action, though the election result gives the movement in Franklin county great encouragement.

THE MARKETS

Toledo Grain Market.

Toledo, O., Nov. 9.—Higher cables were mainly responsible for uplifting wheat on the call, but it was not long before the market started to sag, most of the gains vanishing before midday. Receipts continue heavy in the northwest and at Chicago, where 93 cars came in. At Chicago, commission houses were fair sellers of May, the Bartlett Patten people bought, shorts were best buyers of December and selling on the whole was scattered. Liverpool firmed up as the result of good demand for Manitoba parcels in near positions, and a disposition among holders to choke down sales of Australian wheat. Toledo cash opened ½c advanced at 1.20¼. December 1.19⅞ higher at $1.20½, May ¼ up at $1.22¼ and July ¼c higher at $1.00¾c.

There was a pronounced rally after the initial hour from light reecipts in the southwest and covering by shorts. Toledo cash closed ½c up at $1.21¼. December 1¼c up at $1.21⅛, May 1½c higher at $1.23⅛ and July ¾c up at $1.01⅝. Liverpool finished ½d to ⅝d higher.

Corn opened firm, with December ⅛c off at 59⅞c, May ⅛c up at 62½c and July ⅛c higher at 62½c. The market was steady for about an hour after the opening. There was a general demand from Chicago commission houses, though there was not much for sale, despite the fact receipts were liberal.

Closes in corn: Cash, old, 65½c; cash, new, 60½c; December 60½c, May 62⅝c, July 62⅝c.

December oats opened at 44¼c, May ⅛c off at 44c and July ⅞c down at 42⅛c. Chicago commission houses offered freely in the first hour. The trend of the market, however, was upward in the morning hours.

Cash oats finished at 42c, December at 42¼c, May at 44c and July at 42½c.

Clover seed showed recuperative powers after a period of waning prices. November started 5o higher at $8.62½, December 5c up at $8.70 and March 7½c up at $8.92½.

Receipts were 235 bags against 320 a year ago and compared with 600 bags shipped a year ago the outflow was nil. Cash closed 20c higher at $8.77½. December 20c up at $8.85 and March 20c advanced at $9.05.

TOUEDO.

				Close	
Wheat—	Open.	High.	Low.	Nov. 9.	Nov. 8.
Cash	1.20¼	....	1.19¾	1.21¼	1.19¾
Dec	1.20½	....	1.20⅛	1.21⅝	1.20
May	1.22¾	....	1.22⅜	1.23½	1.22
July	1.00¾	....	....	1.01⅝	1.00½
Corn—					
Cash (old)	....	....	....	65¼	....
Cash (new)	....	....	....	60½	59
Dec	59¾	....	....	60½	60
May	62½	....	....	62⅝	62
July	62½	62⅝	....	62⅝	62¼
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	42	41⅝
Dec	42¼	....	....	42¼	42½
May	44	....	....	44¼	44½
July	42¼	....	....	42½	42¼
Clover Seed—					
Cash	....	....	....	8.77½	8.87½
Nov.	8.62½	....	....	8.77½	8.87½
Dec	8.70	....	....	8.85	8.95
March	8.92½	....	....	9.05	8.85
Rye—					
No. 2	....	....	....	70¼	75½
No. 3	....	....	....	62½	70½
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	1.80	1.80
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	7.85	7.85
Nov.	....	....	....	7.85	7.85
Dec.	....	....	....	7.90	7.90
March	....	....	....	8.05	8.05

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
Dec	1.02¾	....	1.02¼	1.04⅛	1.02½
May	1.02¾	....	1.02¼	1.03¾	1.02½
July	93⅝	....	91¼	96⅛	93½
Corn—					
Dec	57⅞	58⅜	....	58⅜	57½
May	59¾	60¼	....	60⅜	59⅝
July	60	60¼	....	59⅞	59⅝
Oats—					
Dec	38¾	39¼	38¾	39¼	38⅝
May	41⅞	....	41⅜	41⅜	41¼
July	39¼	....	....	39⅝	39¼

NEW YORK.

Dec	1.10⅝	....	....	1.12¼	1.10¼

ST LOUIS.

Wheat—					
Dec	1.03¼	....	....	1.04⅝	1.03¼
May	1.04½	....	....	1.06¾	1.03½

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
Dec	....	....	....	1.01⅝	1.00
May	....	....	....	1.03⅝	1.02½

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
Dec	....	....	....	1.00⅝	99
May	....	....	....	1.03⅝	1.02½

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

	For—				
Jan.	20.55	20.67	....	20.60	20.47
May	20.00	....	....	19.95	19.87
Lard—					
Jan.	11.72	11.75	....	11.